THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLI. No. 1054 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 549
OUR GREAT DEBATE 551
COSTLY TIN AND CORNISH HOPES. By Aylmer Vallance 552
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 553
MARKMANSHIP. By Sagittarius 554
THIS ENGLAND 554
AS HOLLAND SEES IT. By Petra Eldering . 554
FOOD OF THE CHEMICAL CENTURY. By F. Le Gros Clark 555
PUERTO RICAN JOURNEY. By Jeanne MacKenzie 556
PLUTONIA-ON-SEA. By Neil Kelly . . . 557
WHAT I STILL BELIEVE. By C. E. M. Joad . 557
STAYING IN THE SUBURBS. By Edward Hyams 558
SONG. By Michael Hamburger 559
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
The World Well Lost. By T. C. Worsley . 559
Ballet. By Richard Johnson 560
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 560
Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 562
Festival Notes 562
CORRESPONDENCE 564
From N. F. Coghill; Cecil L'Estrange Malone; Dorothy F. Buxton; Alex Comfort; Chen Ti-chiang and others; Hubert Butler; Madeleine Henrey; Ritchie Calder.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 567
THE MIRAGE. By Kathleen Raine . . . 568
REVIEWS:
Mr. Priestley and the Comic Novel. By Walter Allen 568
Mine and Thine. By Norman MacKenzie . 568
The Life of Societies. By Jacquetta Hawkes 570
Ideas in Movement. By Martin Turnell . 572
More Good Germans. By A. J. P. Taylor . 572
London of Shakespeare. By J. I. M. Stewart 573
New Novels. By John Raymond 573
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 575
CHESS. By Assiac 576

Britain's Dilemma in Persia

MR. MORRISON'S handling of the Persian crisis has not been eased by the revelation in the New York press that a British parachute brigade is being held ready for use in an emergency. To make no emergency preparations for the protection of British personnel in the oil-fields would be a piece of criminal negligence, which no Government could survive—if the worst actually happened. But this does not mean that the Cabinet has decided to "solve" the problem by military means: it must realise the futility of such a solution. Whatever the *Daily Mail* may shout, we cannot in 1951 forcibly occupy the whole of Southern Persia, and produce the oil we need under Military Government. Nor can we assume that an old-fashioned show of force will bring the Government in Teheran to heel. On the contrary. Such manifestations of "imperialism" will merely increase the anti-British hysteria which is now the only sovereign force in Teheran, and before which every Persian politician must prostrate himself if he is to avoid instant assassination. We are dealing, not with a few rich sheiks, who can conveniently surrender to a show of force and accept satellite status in return for a rich contract, but with a national revolution. In this situation British threats are far less terrifying to the Persian politicians than the irate voice of their own people. If Mr. Morrison were to force the issue by a threat of military force, no Persian politician who cares for his life would dare to surrender to the ultimatum. Instead, they would be bound to resist force with force and to call for Russian assistance under the 1921 treaty in repelling a threat to Persian independence.

What, then, can we do to preserve what is without doubt the most valuable foreign asset we possess? The first necessity, as we urged three weeks ago, is to provide proof positive that Britain accepts unreservedly the right of the Persians to own and control the oil industry, and that what we are concerned about is, first, an orderly and financially just transfer of control, and secondly, an uninterrupted flow of the South Persian oil into the only markets which are technically in a position to receive it. Owing to Mr. Bevin's disastrous Middle Eastern policy we failed to begin this transfer of ownership far back in 1946, and we must now accept the heavy losses in which the Government's delay in applying obvious Socialist principles has involved us. Five years ago we could probably have achieved an honourable partnership in developing the industry. To-day, the best we can hope for is to retain partial control of the refining and marketing of the product.

But to achieve even this, a dramatic gesture is necessary. We regret that the Cabinet refused to accept the suggestion, made immediately after the assassination of General Razmara, that Lord Louis Mountbatten should at once be sent on a special mission to Teheran. Even now such a mission might be successful; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Attlee will not once again offend Persian susceptibilities by choosing some junior Minister for the task.

In the second place, Mr. Morrison should not be afraid to make soundings in Moscow about the Russian attitude. It is futile to deny either that Russia has legitimate interests in Persia; or that a dog-in-the-manger Anglo-American policy has prevented the development of the North Persian oil-fields by means of Soviet-Persian collaboration; or yet that Persian national sovereignty can only be maintained by balancing the Great Powers against each other. Ultimately the only solution satisfactory both to the Great Powers and to the Persians is an arrangement under which Persia can market her oil northwards to the Soviet Union and southwards to the non-Communist world. Persia cannot belong either to the Eastern or to the Western bloc without completely sacrificing her independence. What she requires is a guaranteed neutrality which would satisfy both her national susceptibilities and her economic requirements. In his role as peace-maker, Mr. Morrison should boldly recognise this very obvious fact, and note that, in attempting to deprive the Russians of the Northern oil, we are likely to end up by having to write off the Southern oil as a total loss. Here is one corner of the world where every party concerned has a common interest in achieving a practical agreement.

A Question of Timing

The drift to war goes on. This fact stands out starkly from the testimony of Generals Marshall and Bradley before the Senate Committees, and from the actions of the U.S. Administration. All that the two generals have done in their testimony is to underline the points made by President Truman in the memorandum, now published, that he sent to General MacArthur on January 13. The Korean campaign, Mr. Truman then said, should be so conducted as to gain time for an anti-Communist

build-up in Asia and to retain the support of allies that America would "desperately need" in any war with the U.S.S.R. To this Marshall and Bradley add a mass of detail; they argue against an extension of the war in the Far East which might provoke Soviet intervention or a Russian riposte in Europe—reactions, General Bradley observes, for which America "is not yet ready."

The U.S. Chiefs of Staff, as their duty runs, take a realistic view. MacArthur's insistence that the Soviet Union would fight a Far Eastern war at a disadvantage, due to poor communications and the distance of this theatre from its main supply bases, can also mean that full-scale war in the Far East might be equally difficult for the United States. If Soviet bases are distant, it is also harder to hit them. In Asia, too, the U.S.S.R. can get help from its main ally, China, which could not be deployed elsewhere; and such a conflict might well split away some, if not all, of America's allies on this side of the Atlantic. General Bradley understandably exclaims that this war would be the "wrong war, wrong place, wrong time, wrong enemy."

This is the crux of the debate now proceeding in Washington. It is not a debate about principle, or a debate about the terms of peace. It is about tactics and timing. And, if MacArthur has not yet driven the Administration into complete acceptance of his strategy, he has already enjoyed sufficient success for him to express his pleasure over "the apparent orientation of Administration policy toward his basic views on the Far East." He has forced Mr. Marshall to give firm pledges that Formosa shall be kept from the Peking Government and that the Communists shall be denied a seat on the Security Council. He has brought about the embargo on China and, through Washington, forced Britain and France not merely to accept this but actually to sponsor it. And this is not yet the end. The *Denver Post* wrote this week:

> Those who cry for stronger action still will not have long to wait. After the embargo, blockade will probably be put into effect. If Chinese air-power threatens, Manchurian bases will be bombed, and the theory of "hot pursuit" will be followed.

Such a drift is inevitable so long as the Administration tries to carry out a policy which combines "limited war" with something like a demand for "unconditional surrender." Given a refusal, or an inability, to discuss possible terms for ending the Korean conflict, it is hard to see how Mr. Truman and the State Department can effectively counter MacArthur's demand for drastic solutions by offering to stand pat on tactics that have so far produced nothing decisive. Once more, Mr. Truman is swallowing, piecemeal, Opposition policies he has baulked at swallowing whole.

It is evident that the most powerful argument for restraint in the Far East, so far as the Administration is concerned, remains the two-fold fear, first, of Russian intervention, and secondly, of losing allies that would be indispensable in a global conflict. The first is guesswork: but the second need not be. Mr. Marshall has already told how allied (read British) pressure was decisive in preventing air attacks on Manchuria some months back. The hope of peace now lies in redoubled pressure. Unless London makes it quite clear that Britain will not take part in a full-scale Asian war, and vigorously asserts its own view of the conditions of peace, it will be dragged down the slope that begins with an embargo, passes to blockade, air attack, withdrawal of recognition from Peking and, before long, ends in war. This is the time to say No. Otherwise, this country will be committed—as it began to be committed when it voted for the U.N. resolution branding China as an aggressor—and there will be no escape when the final decision comes.

The Embargo

Rightly rebutting the charge that Britain had subordinated her support for the U.N. to her commercial interests in Hong Kong, Sir Gladwyn Jebb made two useful points in his speech on Tuesday to the New York Bar Association. Now that a ban had been placed on shipments of rubber, Britain was doing everything needed to conform to the Resolution of the Additional Measures Committee that nothing should be shipped to China which might add to her war-making potential. On the other hand, a general trade embargo would be a "useless measure" by which "much harm would be done."

It is not merely that Hong Kong, completely deprived of its function of an entrepôt port, might be regarded by China simply as a hostile military base; any attempt to go beyond a ban on war-shipments would certainly fail to secure co-operation from both Middle and Far East Members of the U.N. Dr. Zain, head of the economic section of the Indonesian Foreign Office, has already made it plain that Indonesia's trade policy must be determined by her need to secure imports in exchange; and it is already clear that India, now eagerly expecting imports of rice from China, is just as reluctant as Pakistan to sever normal trade relations with Peking. Thus the danger, to which we drew attention last week, remains acute, that the ineffectiveness of a partial embargo may lead the U.S. to demand more drastic measures—though how such a policy could be reconciled with America's apparent desire to let Japan continue shipping steel to China has yet to be explained.

Labour Apathy in Local Elections

Full reports show that, with twenty-one net gains, the Labour Party did rather better in the Urban and District Council Elections than was reported last week. It can also claim a net gain of ten in the non-County boroughs and the actual achievement of majorities in Newport, Grantham, Flint and Bilston. In contrast with these modest successes, the results in the County boroughs were distinctly disappointing. This is not to admit the huge gains proclaimed by the Conservatives since these once again were largely at the expense of Independents, some of whom were Liberals but many crypto-Conservatives running in previous elections without a party label. The true measure of Labour's disappointment is the fact that anti-Socialists, whether official Conservatives or Independents, were defending the sweeping gains which they made in the "basic petrol" election of November, 1947. In these circumstances Labour should have been able to record a number of victories. But in Greater London, where its defeat was heaviest three years ago, there was another net loss. In Scotland the net loss was six seats, including a couple in Glasgow. Control was lost in both Leeds and Carlisle, where all seats were contested in municipal general elections, as well as in Bradford; and there were Conservative gains in such diverse places as Preston, Derby and Liverpool. Indeed the only bright spot was the Midlands. Here, thanks to the continued prosperity of the engineering industry, there were Labour gains, though less than expected, in Birmingham as well as in Wolverhampton, Leicester, Nottingham and Coventry.

The general impression left by these election results confirms the most recent findings of the Gallup Poll. The Labour graph has just begun to climb out of the winter trough of apathy caused by the coal shortage, the eightpenny meat ration shortage—and the weather! But the middle-class vote, which tells most strongly in suburban areas, and which Lord Woolton since the war has persuaded for the first time to participate seriously in "municipals," is still strong enough to hold the ground gained in 1947, while the Labour organisation is unable to persuade a large section of its Parliamentary voters that local government matters. The conclusion is obvious. It is the apathy of its own supporters which is still the chief enemy of the Labour party.

Management and Coal

The fact that there are several important empty seats in the National Coal Board, and that Mr. Noel-Baker, it is generally understood, must shortly find a successor to the chairman, Lord Hyndley, lent added interest to the proceedings at last week's conference of the British Association of Colliery Managers. Dealing with the 15-year plan of development, Mr. Browne, head of the N.C.B.'s production department, emphasised the importance of the specialist, if the technical advances on which the plan's success depends are to be achieved. The question is how best use is to be made of specialised staff. In a penetrating address, Sir Andrew Bryan, the Chief Inspector of Mines, who is generally accepted as the most distinguished coal-mining engineer in this country, expressed the view that, in the present structure of the N.C.B., technical experts were too remote from the collieries, had insufficient experience of actual practice in the management of pits, yet had too much say in their direction. "Remote control may be a satisfactory way of running machinery; it is never a good way of managing men."

There is little room for doubt that, if the coal industry's present weaknesses are to be overcome, there will have to be a considerable "re-deployment" of personnel and administrative reorganisation. Consequently, the choice of a new chairman by the Minister is a decision of the utmost importance. Lord Hyndley was primarily a great coal salesman; in most of his career the big problem was how to sell the coal. To-day, the problem is how to get the tonnage. This involves not only re-deploying

technical experts and raising the standard and prestige of pit managers, but persuading the miners that the Board is effectively controlled by a High Command with first-hand knowledge of the problems of production. The President of the Association, Mr. Walton Brown, made a revealing remark at the Conference. "Many in the industry and outside," he said, "feel that a Board which does not contain a single Member who, under the Coal Mines Act, 1911, is qualified to give a technical order or make a technical decision, is a grave mistake." The Minister would do well to reflect on the implications of these words.

Turning Point in France?

Our Paris correspondent writes: With the date of the general election now fixed for June 17, after months of hair-splitting discussions and an incredible amount of hanky-panky, the French electorate is beginning to realise that this may be an election in which the whole future of the Republic is at stake. Is France going to take a sharp Right-hand turning, to be followed, before long, by a Tory victory in Britain, after which Europe will enter an era of uniform and undiluted political reaction? That would happen if de Gaulle won a semi-victory, that is, if he won enough seats to dominate a Right-wing coalition in the new Assembly. The shell of the Fourth Republic would still be preserved. But what if de Gaulle won, say, 200 seats or more, and undertook, with the help of the "classical" Right, to fulfil some of the promises—and threats—made during his Mayday speech in the Bois de Boulogne?

Carrefour, the Gaullist weekly, realising that the General went rather too far, and clearly scared many voters, has been painstakingly explaining that he was misinterpreted, and that his phrase about "meeting in the Champs Elysées" did not mean that he intended to march on the Elysée Palace, depose President Auriol, and set up a Fascist dictatorship. Yet that is precisely how the Communists—and others—have been interpreting de Gaulle's words. Duclos, in his final speech at the Assembly, just before the vote on the election, spoke in terms of a civil war in France that would inevitably accompany a Gaullist attempt to establish a dictatorship. He blamed the Socialists and the other Third Force parties of being, like the Weimar parties in Germany in 1933, blind to the danger.

The analogy with Germany in 1933 is perhaps far-fetched; conditions are not the same. There is great discontent in France, but there are not seven million unemployed; the French electorate is politically more mature than the German; and de Gaulle lacks Hitler's pathological "sex appeal." Old-time French Socialists will tell you that, if Paris is "sentimental" and may vote for the extremes, the provinces will "in the main" vote for the Third Force parties. What is also stressed is that the Gaullists are already finding it hard to keep free of entanglements in the Election, and that they will inevitably gang up in many constituencies with the Third Force candidates in order to benefit from *apparentements*. All "associated" parties getting more than 50 per cent. of the poll in the *département* share out, in proportion to the votes they have received, *all* the seats to which the *département* is entitled. Where no single party or group of "associated" parties gets 50 per cent. of the poll, P.R. will be applied. To "keep the Reds out," the Gaullists may "associate" in many places, despite all the General's protestations of political "purity."

Our Great Debate

On the other side of the Atlantic the American "great debate" proceeds with a carefree disregard for all the normal rules of military security. Whatever its disadvantages in terms of the Cold War, the whole affair is unsurpassed as a set-piece in political education. What we sometimes overlook is that no such effort to permit the British people to listen in on the formation of their country's policy has been so far attempted. The normal method of parliamentary debate between Government and Opposition, which during the 'thirties at least allowed us to know the case for and against "appeasement," has fallen into abeyance since 1945. In foreign affairs the two parties have been for the most part marching together along the same road, with Mr. Churchill ebulliently one or two steps in advance. There have been special subjects—India and Palestine, for instance, and last summer the recognition of Communist China—on which there were party differences. But on the cardinal issue of relations with the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., Mr. Attlee has faithfully pursued a bi-partisan policy.

True enough, a few months ago Mr. Churchill declared this bi-partisan period at an end, and marked the break by a refusal to accept the secret information with which Mr. Attlee had been supplying him. And as recently as last February the Opposition moved a vote of censure at the close of a big Defence debate. But this interlude had more to do with election tactics than with foreign affairs, and last week we were back to normal with Mr. Churchill demanding a ban on rubber exports to China and Sir Hartley Shawcross, after a decorous show of reluctance, coming into line.

The absence of any party division in the House of Commons left to Labour backbenchers the task of sustaining the "great debate." But, until the resignations, the tone of controversy was *sotto voce*. One reason for this was that the real controversy was being fought out round the Cabinet table. It is no secret, for instance, that at the time of the American resolution branding China as an aggressor, the Cabinet was divided for nearly a week on end; and if the public could have been given one or two lively extracts from its heated arguments, we should all have been vastly better informed about the choice of evils which faces this island in the Cold War. But collective responsibility means that, once a decision is reached, Cabinet Ministers must speak with a single voice. And so the public has never been permitted to understand the choices with which the Government has been faced, or to know the differences which occurred before a decision was reached.

The disadvantage of Mr. Bevan's and Mr. Wilson's resignation is, of course, that the Left point of view is no longer represented in the Cabinet. Its counsels are now completely dominated by Mr. Attlee, who is convinced that rearmament must be given an absolute priority, and that the maintenance of good relations with the U.S., at almost any cost, must be the basic principle of British policy. In these circumstances we can expect an "improvement" in Britain's popularity in Washington as the brake which Britain has exerted since the Korean war broke out is gradually relaxed. But the price, in terms of world peace, may be high.

There is, however, one compensating advantage for this weakening of the British position: Mr. Bevan and Mr. Wilson are now free to speak their minds and to give responsible leadership to that large section of public opinion—not only inside the Labour Party—which refuses to accept the famous Fulton speech as the fountainhead of wisdom without at least hearing the other side. These two men, in fact, can become the spokesmen for a point of view which has so far been unheard in the debate on Britain's role in the Cold War. No one else has the same background of Cabinet discussion and State papers on which to argue against the present trend of British policy.

We hope, therefore, that Mr. Bevan and Mr. Wilson will cut short the arid controversy on the reasons for their resignation. What matters is not a quarrel about the past, but the formation of a policy for the future. The function of the Socialist Left this summer, and particularly in the Trades Union Congress in September and the Labour Party Conference in October, will be to present an alternative policy, based on the alternative analysis which they believe to be the true one. We stress the need for a new analysis because we believe that the Government's failures, both in domestic and foreign affairs, are largely due, not to any mistake about aims, but to an acceptance of a constant stream of highly selective information supplied to them by experts who have no sympathy with their Socialist ideals. Consider, for instance, the absolute priority for rearmament and the decision, last September, taken in the climate of MacArthur's disastrous advance and retreat, to increase the Defence programme from £3,600 millions to £4,700 millions. What were the reasons that led the Chancellor to impose ceilings on the social services, while welcoming targets of expenditure from the Service chiefs? What made him feel that the risks of Russian military aggression had so largely increased that a five-year Defence programme must be telescoped into three? What induced the Prime Minister, despite the growing shortage of raw materials, to risk the whole recovery achieved since 1945 in an all-out effort to rearm as quickly as possible, within the limits set by an almost uncontrolled peace economy?

The argument about the extent of rearmament is often falsely presented as a technical debate, about military matters. It is nothing of the sort. It arises (and this is confirmed by the Senatorial hearings in Washington) from a political disagreement about the risks which the free world faces. Apparently Mr. Attlee now agrees with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Truman that the main risk we face to-day is to find ourselves at war, but unprepared. Mr. Bevan, as he made clear in his speech in the Defence debate, dismisses this as bogy talk. He believes that Russia's primary instruments of expansion are social and economic, and that she will not, of her own initiative, embark on a general war.

Indeed, he holds that the danger of war is actually increased by breakneck rearmament in America. This can easily either undermine the social structure of the democracies, and so tempt the Russians into risky experiment, or so enlarge the American supply of guns as to provide an irresistible temptation to let some of them off.

It is not only in the analysis of Russian intentions, however, that differences occur. Equally important is the disagreement about Anglo-American relations and, in particular, about the degree of independence which Britain can hope to achieve. There is little doubt that one factor at least in Mr. Attlee's insistence on the increased arms programme was his anxiety to stand well with Washington. He is alarmed lest the U.S. swing into isolationism and, incidentally, cut off our raw materials. It is this alarm which makes him say that we must go along with America whenever the Americans feel really strongly. Here, again, the difference between Left and Right is not one of aims but of analysis. Mr. Bevan recognises the vital importance of the Anglo-American partnership; but ever since the Cabinet discussions on the American loan he has felt that his colleagues underestimated the strength and bargaining power of this country. He doubts whether the Americans are really impressed by Mr. Attlee's policy of reluctant Me-Tooism, and he believes that there can only be an equal partnership if we are really ready in the last resort to refuse an American demand. Last December, for instance, when the Americans were pressing us to accelerate our defence plans, he would have preferred to say "No rearmament without raw materials" rather than accept rearmament meekly, and then beg for the raw materials.

The third difference of analysis relates to domestic affairs. For months the Cabinet has been in disagreement about the danger to the economy which rearmament brings. Mr. Gaitskell has been harassed by the economist's vision of too much money chasing too few goods. His whole Budget was framed in an effort to hold down working-class purchasing power while prices rise—that is, to finance rearmament by limited inflation. This explains his obstinate opposition to increased subsidies. Mr. Bevan and Mr. Wilson regard this analysis of the situation as wrong, and the policy based on it as the beginning of a three-year attack on the achievements of Socialism. They argue that if no attempt is made either to check the rising cost of living or to control profits, the result will be, not a decrease in working-class purchasing power, but an irresistible flood of wage claims. Thus inflation will be caused by the very measures taken by Mr. Gaitskell to prevent it. And they conclude that an all-out Socialist policy to check the rising cost of living and the rising wave of profits is correct, not only in terms of social justice, but of economic expediency as well.

We do not pretend that in our "great debate," the arguments are all on one side. No one can know the mind of the Kremlin or be certain what Stalin will do in the face of American rearmament. No one can predict American reactions to a tougher and more independent British policy. Least of all can anyone pretend to certainty on such subjects as raw material scarcity and the effect of rearmament on the cost of living. The three issues are all dilemmas in which the choice is between the greater and the lesser evil. But if the British public is to make up its own mind, it must hear both sides. So far it has only heard one.

Costly Tin and Cornish Hopes

STAND on the summit of Carn Brea, where the mineralised granite mass bulges upwards, just south of Camborne-Redruth, to a height of 740 feet: on a clear day you can count scores of the old chimneys tapering characteristically from stone to brick, and the ruined shells of tall engine-houses in which the pumping machines of Newcomen and Boulton and Watt used to unwater Cornish tin and copper mines long since derelict. These are the scattered bones of an industry now nearly extinct. Between 1860 and 1890, Cornwall had an annual production, reckoning metal content, of nearly 10,000 tons of tin—40 per cent. of the total world output. By the beginning of this century the number of mines operating had fallen from over 200 to barely half that figure; and to-day only two are in operation. Before the late war, output had dwindled to less than 2,000 tons a year, and to-day it is little more than 800 tons, or between 2 and 3 per cent. of our current consumption.

In this decline is written, in part, the record of greedy, short-sighted, private enterprise: the old "cost-book" (unlimited liability) companies neglected development work unless it paid for itself; and later concerns, often undercapitalised and handicapped both by inefficient mills and too narrowly circumscribed leases of land, were also content to abandon mines prematurely and wastefully when "the eyes had been picked out of 'em." The overriding factor, however, was that, as the more accessible lodes were worked out, the Cornish mines became high-cost producers; just as Highland sheep were eclipsed by Australian, so Cornish tin was ousted by the cheaper alluvial workings developed in Malaya and elsewhere overseas. The Great Depression of the 'thirties, when tin fell to £130 per ton, was the last straw; and, though the price in the years just before World War II had recovered to somewhat over £200, the outlook for Cornwall, even so, looked bleak.

For the moment, at any rate, the picture has been transformed by the Cold War. Even before the Korean campaign tin was selling at around £600 per ton; since then, U.S. stock-piling, combined with frantic buying by users scared of being caught short, has pushed the price to dizzy heights; and, though a lull in purchases for the U.S. "pile" has brought the price down from a peak of over £1,500 to about £1,100 per ton, it is obvious that the cost-price equation in Cornwall has altered radically. So far as copper is concerned, "the bright day is done"; there is almost certainly nothing left worth mining. But, in the case of tin and the ancillary products, wolfram and arsenic, substantial quantities of ore, which it was uneconomic to mine twenty years ago, have become payable. This, at least, is emphatically the view of the Cornish Mining Development Association, to whose expert and indefatigable chairman I am indebted for much local data. Citing the recent warnings by Mr. Strauss of acute shortage of non-ferrous metals and the Government's recent decision to restart work on the low-grade wolfram deposit at Hemerdon, near Plymouth, the Association is campaigning vigorously for the rehabilitation of Cornish mining.

In any endeavour to decide whether or not these Cornish hopes should be encouraged, three crucial questions have to be answered. Does the national interest—as opposed to mere regional patriotism—point to the need for increased supplies of home-produced tin concentrates? Is there enough accessible tin left in Cornwall whose payability, having regard to prospective price, justifies the considerable capital expenditure which would be required for development? If so, can private enterprise be relied on to do the job or must it be, wholly or partly, the concern of the State?

To the first two questions a dogmatic answer would be unbecoming from a reporter who has neither second sight nor expert mining knowledge. Obviously, every ton added to home-produced supplies is an "import-saver" of value. On the other hand, there is no immediate world shortage of tin, as there is of tungsten and nickel. Though the need for any renewal of pre-war restriction schemes seems increasingly remote, industrial consumption is still below world output; and, if the whole U.S. strategic reserve be included, stocks are adequate to meet current demand for two or three years. Will the price, then, slip back to something like the pre-Korean level if world war is postponed and the U.S. ceases to accumulate tin for Defence? Clearly there is room here for debate; I can only say that most of the experienced mining people, both technicians and "capitalists," with whom I have recently talked incline to the view that world consumption is likely to overtake production in the comparatively near future. They point to the grave political insecurity attaching to supplies from Malaya, Indonesia, Burma and Siam; and they emphasise not only that alluvial deposits cannot last long at the present rate of dredging, but that intense U.S. demand is rapidly depleting the high-grade lodes in Bolivia, where production costs are mounting as progressively narrower structures with complex ores have to be worked. Taking into account the probability of steadily increasing demand, not only in the U.S. and Britain but (still more) from countries such as India, where industrialisation has leeway to make up, the majority opinion among experts seems to be that, on a moderately long-term view, tin is more likely to rise than fall in price.

What of Cornish resources? Here again an element of speculation enters in. The active Geevor mine at Pendeen has undoubtedly encouraging possibilities for extending westwards, below the sea, its present workings; and, subject to a successful solution of the problem of high pumping costs, there are several areas of considerable promise round Carn Brea, contiguous to the existing South Crofty mine. This by no means exhausts the list of potential workings. On the basis of geological and other

evidence, favourable conditions exist for a unified redevelopment at depth of the old shallow workings near Marazion; the Wheal Vor district nearby might also pay for new development, since little cross-cutting seems to have been done by the old, extremely rich mine there; a fresh effort might succeed in locating again the famous Wheal Kitty lode near St. Agnes; and there is reasonable promise—again at depth—in the Scorrier area. Increased depths would, of course, increase costs; and, in so far as reliance had to be placed on low-grade ore, a proportionately greater capital expenditure would be required for treatment plants. Yet, despite these reservations, I believe that private mining interests would be inclined to move back into Cornwall in quite a big way if it were not for present legal and fiscal obstacles.

As matters stand, the 1947 Planning Acts left mineral owners absolutely no incentive to co-operate in mining projects. Since the development value in minerals is appropriated by the State, while the mineral owner remains liable for any subsidence or other damage caused by a mine, landlords are henceforth unlikely to grant mining leases unless they are compelled to do so under the Working Facilities Act of 1923. Apart from this, the entrepreneur is staging a sit-down strike against the existing tax level in its application to such a risky venture as an attempt to redevelop Cornish tin. He cannot be appeased by offers to allow capital expenditure in opening a mine to be charged, for taxation purposes, against future profits. What he demands is that mining shall have specially favourable treatment in respect to both normal profits tax and income-tax on dividends. It is a demand which no Socialist government is likely to concede, or would be justified in conceding; but it is categorical.

What follows? First, if the nation wants to augment its domestic supply of non-ferrous metals, then, as the Westwood Committee recommended nearly two years ago in an undeservedly neglected report, the ownership, together with the development value, of the minerals must be acquired and vested in a Commission whose job it would be to foster discovery, development, and efficient working. The Commission, it seems to me, would have to have funds sufficient to pay for a good deal of exploratory work, undertaken in conjunction with the Geological Survey. How far it should assume responsibility for actual mining and treatment of ore would depend on the results of exploration and the consequent reactions of private enterprise. In some cases—for example, in the Pendeen area—there might be no need to interfere with the existing mine ownership, and in other areas also rights might be leased to concessionaires, possibly with representatives of the Commission included on their Boards. In some circumstances—where unwatering, as at Carn Brea, could only be done economically over a large area, or where the low grade of the ore would require an exceptionally large extraction plant of high efficiency—the Commission might be well advised to go in for mining on its own account. A further factor of importance is that if an adequate labour force for the redevelopment of Cornish tin is to be recruited, not merely will wages have to be raised from their present level of 17s. 6d. per shift for on-cost workers underground, and all possible steps taken to mitigate the danger of silicosis by good ventilation and aluminium therapy, but there will also have to be much ampler provision of housing and other amenities in the mining areas.

Here surely is a subject which might engage the attention of the next Labour Party Conference. At present, the production of tin and other non-ferrous metals in Britain is nobody's baby. The Ministry of Supply is interested in end-usage but not directly in development; the Minister of Fuel and Power, within whose purview the mining of these ores nominally falls, has his hands full with coal and electricity. The Westwood recommendations have been quietly pigeon-holed by a Government which has burned its fingers in Tanganyika and Gambia; but the worst risk of all might be to let the case for developing new sources of metal supplies at home go by default. I am not suggesting that the State should now plunge headlong—though it would certainly do so if war precipitated shortage of tin, wolfram and arsenic—into an optimistic "re-activation" of Cornwall. The first essential, which can be attained only on the lines recommended by Lord Westwood and his colleagues, is for thorough exploration and "pilot" development. Admittedly this would involve staking some, not necessarily much, public money. If the Welfare State is not to forgo the dynamic qualities which real Socialism ought to give it, risk-taking on reasonable lines by its Government should surely be one of its features.

AYLMER VALLANCE

London Diary

RICE purchased from China and wheat from the Soviet Union are on their way to relieve the Indian famine. The United States Senate, after prolonged debate, has now overcome its moral objection to feeding starving people in a "neutral" country. Whether the grain will reach India in time to save life I don't know. In any case, it is calculated that about a million people will die of starvation in Bihar and Madras. It will be said that there is nothing new in this. Periodic famines on this scale have always occurred in India and China. Hunger-marchers have often been shot down if they made trouble. It happened under the British; it has now happened under Nehru. But the difference between the old famines and those of to-day is that to-day people everywhere know about them and believe them to be preventable. It shocks us profoundly to know that even if the food were in India, thousands of people would die simply because there is no way of getting it to isolated parts of the famine areas. The roads are still not made. It shocks us even more that the great hydro-electric works which were promised by Congress are still at a standstill, and that the great fertiliser plant of Sindri, which was to go so far to raise the standard of living of the peasants, is the subject of a continuing scandal. How far the allegations are true, I have no means of knowing, but my Indian as well as British friends agree that corruption has now reached appalling dimensions in India. This monumental graft, side by side with famine and poverty on a traditional scale, makes India an ideal breeding ground for philosophies of violence.

* * *

I referred last week to Ted Castle's resignation from *Picture Post*. As he has now left, I feel free to refer to an incident which has caused, and is still causing, much perturbation in Fleet Street. During the week in which an article on the Chinese Army by Andrew Roth was being printed (it appeared in the issue of March 10) an official from the American Embassy called upon Castle to explain to him why, in his view, it was undesirable that Roth's article should be published. Roth, it appeared, had mentioned at a United Nation's Association meeting that he was writing an article on the Chinese Army for *Picture Post*, and he had made some remarks which, the visitor suggested, were out of line with State Department policy. He also said that Mr. Roth was not *persona grata* with the State Department; he was one of those who had been cited in connection with the *Amerasia* affair some years ago. Mr. Castle pointed out, correctly, that no charge against Mr. Roth had been proceeded with, and added that in any case the article was already in print and could not be changed. That an American Embassy official should attempt to bring this kind of moral pressure to bear on a British editor is profoundly disturbing.

* * *

This week's correspondence columns include a letter from seven Chinese who write from Tsinghua University, Peking. They write as friends of England who have lived here and welcome all efforts for peace between our countries. Their letter displays both the weakness and strength of the Communist case. In some points the writers might with justice go further than they do. They could recall that the West, and Britain especially, has been a constant aggressor in China for a century. Though their assumption that all U.N. action in Korea is aggression cannot be sustained, I know of no answer to their case against MacArthur's advance to the Yalu River or, more important, to their indictment of a policy of building up and protecting Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa. Propaganda apart, they genuinely feel justified in their war against America. But like other people in the world who believe their case good, they have to choose between a compromise peace and the chance of victory. The Chinese as well as the British have to recognise "stark facts." However great the provocation, it was the Chinese who entered Korea to fight MacArthur; and, in so doing, they started a war against an immensely powerful enemy. Those British who are determined not to be embroiled in a war with China stand small chance of seriously affecting events unless the Chinese do two things: they must show more readiness than they have done so far to respond diplomatically to British advances, and state terms for a cease-fire which the sponsors of peace might hope to induce the United Nations to accept.

* * *

The Old Vic is our nearest equivalent to a national theatre and is partly supported by public funds; it is also one of our most popular

institutions. Naturally we are all concerned when things go amiss there. That they are amiss is clear from the resignations of Michel St. Denis, George Devine and Glen Byam Shaw—all distinguished men—together with those of almost the whole staff of the Old Vic School and of stage designers belonging to the well-known firm of Motley who have been responsible for some of the finest décor in the London theatre. Naturally people recall former resignations; it is not, after all, very long since Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir Laurence Olivier were also at the Old Vic, and it is disappointing that their magnificent work is now being done elsewhere. Before that, Tyrone Guthrie resigned after being Old Vic Director during the difficult war years. Recalling this list of disasters, one distinguished actor writes to suggest a public inquiry. Another correspondent with some inside knowledge says the Board of Governors, like most Boards, prefers the mediocre to the first-rate because the mediocre is so much easier to deal with. He thinks the best artists are leaving the national theatre for artistic reasons. This view is not confirmed by others I have asked. Indeed there is a conflict of testimony. Some suggest there is a division between the School, which wants Shakespeare and the classics, and others who lay more emphasis on stars and box office. After quite a lot of private inquiry, I tend to accept the opinion of an important authority who says there is no principle involved, no issue of art *versus* commerce. "What the Old Vic needs," says my last informant, "and what it has not yet found, is what French theatres seem to find more easily. That is an Aged Uncle, a white-haired personality whom everybody respects and whose job it is to keep order and persuade people to get on with each other." You cannot find him by public inquiry.

* * *

On August 9th, 1947, Miss Bessie Stone, standing outside her house in Manchester, near the Cheetham Hill cricket ground, was hit by a ball 100 yards from the pitch. This fabulous swipe (the ball came over a 7ft fence, the top of which was 17 feet above the pitch) was judicially noticed as "exceptional." But when Miss Stone sued the club for damages she failed before Mr. Justice Oliver, succeeded in the Court of Appeal, and failed again—three years after the injury and just in time to encourage wild hitting in a new cricket season—before the House of Lords. Flying or motor car accidents, in the balanced opinion of Lord Porter, were matters which airmen and drivers would wish to avoid, but the "hitting of a ball out of the ground was an incident in the game, and, indeed, one which the batsman would wish to bring about. . . . A reasonable man" (he added) "would not anticipate injury."

Shall I in future, therefore, walk carelessly past cricket matches, knowing that (legally) if I am hit on the head it won't count? On the contrary, until I can discover what is the world's record hit (there is no mention of it in *Whitaker*), and unless I wish to stay and watch the game, I shall accept the outlawry to which their Lordships condemn me and walk, unreasonably, 200 yards away.

Let me add that the law which makes Miss Stone pay £3,000 costs is monstrous, and that for the cricketers to pay her costs would surely be cricket.

CRITIC

MARXMANSHIP

Botvinnik of Moscow his title retains
Against a distinguished contender.
The Marxist technique the advantage explains
Of the champion and the contender.
In an all-Russian duel, both parties possess
Complete understanding of Communist chess
With full guarantee of continuous success
To which *bourgeois* chess must surrender.

For Marxmanship sweeps every tournament boo
Defying all foreign tradition—
The old Evans' gambit is brusquely ignored,
And Assiac wins no recognition.
The end-game on Soviet lines is designed,
The risky King's gambit is always declined,
And to Marxist manœuvres the play is confined,
Entrenching Botvinnik's position.

When Britain's centenary tournament meets
At the West's international centre,
When the chess world once more
for the laurel compet
The East is invited to enter.
The Poles have refused and the Czechs
have been scratch
The Yugoslavs gather (from Moscow detached),
But Russia has so far no answer despatched,
Ignoring a new chess adventure.

The Soviet Masters, continuing cold war,
Retire to complete isolation.
Do they fear some new challenge
will lower their scor
Or do they suspect infiltration?
Are their champions merely uncommonly rude?
Do they all Western chess from acceptance exclude?
Does their silence betoken, perchance, that they brood
On Yugoslav chess deviation?

Is Botvinnik fencing the Soviet School?
Will Stalin be named its creator?
Will chessmen, adapted to Communist rule
Require a new nomenclature?
Will the King be dethroned as a puppet *bourgeois*?
Will the Queen be turned into a she-commissar?
Will the Bishops be purged in the U.S.S.R.,
And the pawn be the chessboard's dictator?

Great Britain meantime for the champions prepares,
By silence and snubs unaffected,
And for Soviet masters keeps three empty chairs,
Though the gesture so far is rejected.
Our warm invitation we tactfully press,
They still may arrive, if assured of success,
And the only agenda is, after all, chess. . . .
Botvinnik's reply is expected.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Business lady and gentleman would like to rent ground floor rooms or flat in N. London in order to breed a litter of Wire Fox-terriers, very careful tenants, no children.—*Our Dogs.* (S. Ritchie.)

Because his robe is moth-infested the Mayor of Canterbury is afraid to go near other mayors on official ceremonies lest he infect them.—*Daily Worker.* (John Amor.)

I started to cross a busy road when an arm drew me back to safety. Its owner took a form from his pocket, saying: "Can I interest you in a life insurance policy?"—*Sunday Express.* (R. C. Chaturvedi.)

Because the Rev. — has no car, Eastbourne Council will not allow him a permit to build a garage. Because [he] has no garage the Presbyterian Church will not buy him a car.—*News Chronicle.* (E. G. Batt.)

As Holland Sees It

NOWHERE on the Continent have the implications of Mr. Bevan's "rebellion" been studied with keener interest than in the Netherlands; for the long delays which attended the reconstruction of the four-party Coalition, after the resignation of Mr. Drees and his Cabinet last January, were a clear indication that the parliamentary crisis was caused by underlying dissensions much deeper than the quarrel with Mr. Stikker and his Liberals over the question of New Guinea. The real issue was whether the Coalition of Catholics, Social-Democrats, Liberals, and Christian Conservatives could hold together on a policy to give practical effect to Holland's obligation as a member of the Atlantic Pact. Thanks largely to the persuasive talents of Professor Romme, the Catholic party leader, a new Cabinet was eventually formed in March, with Mr. Drees, leader of the Social-Democrats (Dutch Labour Party), again Prime Minister. In the reconstruction, the Christian Conservatives gained an additional portfolio; otherwise there was little change in the balance of the Cabinet. What seemed to have happened was that the Social-Democrats, in a patriotic desire to end the long deadlock and preserve national unity, had consented to join in the invidious task of putting through a programme which had few Socialist characteristics in it, and whose announcement, on March 17, caused considerable dismay in every working-class household.

Since the late war, the national economy of the Netherlands has been based, somewhat precariously, on a controlled "balance" between wages and prices of consumers' goods. In return for their acceptance of a "ceiling" on wages—raised twice, by five per cent. each time, since the war—the workers enjoyed the benefits of controlled rents and food subsidies, cut to some extent in 1950, but still estimated originally to amount to 450 million guilders in the current year. This "balance" was brusquely upset by the new Cabinet's statement of policy. It contained no promise of a solution to the problem of New Guinea, but concentrated on measures to switch the national economy from butter to guns. The period of compulsory military service was to be lengthened to eighteen months, and an additional budgetary provision of 500 million guilders annually was to be made for Defence over the next four years. To finance this rearmament, food subsidies were to be cut to 175 million.

A nebulous warning was given that there must be no "unnecessary" increases in retail prices; but the man in the street was more impressed by the fact that there would be a rise of over 40 per cent. in the cost of margarine and fat. (Butter is already so expensive that few working-class children have ever tasted it.) In addition, the price of soap was to go up by 15 per cent., and that of bread by over 11 per cent. Sugar, too, was to cost more; and wide-spread bitterness was caused by the revelation that, owing to a "leak" from official circles during the negotiations which preceded the formation of the new Cabinet, some wholesalers had done remarkably well—their profits have been put by current report at five million guilders—by buying sugar heavily in advance. The ink was hardly dry on the Government programme before strikes broke out, sporadically, in the main industrial centres, and in the peat areas and the docks: there were insistent demands both for a "price-stop" and for a further 5 per cent. increase in wages. The Left-wing Unity Trade Union (E.V.C.) led the agitation, especially in the ports of Rotter-

dam and Amsterdam, making its slogan "For Peace and Defence of Standards of Living."

There followed a hurried week of negotiations between the Government and the Foundation of Labour—a joint body on which the various organisations of employers and the Catholic, Christian, and Social-Democratic trade unions, but not the E.V.C., are represented. As a result, a third 5 per cent. wage increase was sanctioned; but it was officially admitted that "entire agreement" had not been reached. The Government's argument was that the cost of living would not rise by more than 10 per cent.—a very sanguine calculation—and that, as a counterpart to the rearmament programme, there must be a 5 per cent. cut in consumption. This may look very neat on paper; but, apart from the effect of the reduction of food subsidies, prices are mounting all round. Cattle fodder, for example, is soaring in cost, and this will soon be reflected in the price of meat. Already the butchers are complaining that people cannot afford to patronise their shops. On a recent cold Saturday morning, my own butcher was watching people queueing up for a bag of coals across the street. "There," he observed sadly, "go my profits." Certainly conditions for the ordinary man have become extremely difficult, and the polls taken by the Institute for Public Opinion show significantly his preoccupation with the cost of living. Asked what was the most urgent problem for the Government, 35 per cent. of the people interrogated, last summer, replied: "Housing shortage." Only 17 per cent. said: "Prices and wages." In a poll taken this Spring the proportions were almost exactly reversed.

But though the issue of bread and butter figures at the top of the list of popular discontents, there is an undercurrent of frustrated dissatisfaction on wider lines. In middle-class commercial circles one can hear frequent criticism of the extent to which the U.S. is seeking economically to dominate world markets; Mr. Oud, Mayor of Rotterdam and leader in Parliament of the Liberals, has publicly voiced this point of view. The Dutch Government was among the first to recognise Red China, not because of sympathy with Communism but because of the importance to Holland of the Chinese market; and, among Dutch business men, the present efforts by the U.S. to restrict trade with China are resented. On the Right, in general, there has been no great love for the State Department ever since its "interference" with the interests of the Netherlands in the Indonesian question; and even the Catholic press now and then expresses open doubt whether the armaments of the Atlantic Pact are the best way to fight Communism.

On the Left, the Social-Democrats are so nervous lest they be accused of "fellow-travelling" that they seem reluctant to demur at any demands from Washington for a more effective Dutch effort in Defence. But though the Communists, with their tiny (8 per cent.) representation in Parliament, are the only consistent opponents of the Atlantic Pact, there is one feature in the military system due, apparently, to emerge from the Pact which few voters in any party here are prepared to swallow without a wry face. This is the rearmament of Germany. On May 4, the day when tributes are placed on every war memorial in Holland, the United Resistance organisation laid a wreath on the monument opposite the Royal Palace in Amsterdam with an inscription: "No rearmament of your murderers." Similar slogans were carried on banners in the long processions of workers who commemorated this year the February Strike of 1941 which began the Resistance movement. The Women's Organisation and the National Peace Council are both collecting signatures to a memorial against the rearmament of Germany; and, apart from these (mainly working-class) organisations, a Committee of Action, formed in Rotterdam with the slogan "*Dat nooit weer*" ("Never again"), is getting widespread support throughout the country from professional workers, artists and intellectuals.

Yet, when all is said, it would be erroneous to conclude that the underlying discontent with which most Dutch people are looking at their country's situation is crystallising into any sort of constructive rebellion against rearmament or the tutelage of the Atlantic Pact. In some Leftish periodicals such as *De groene Amsterdammer* and the highbrow monthly *De nieuwe Stem*, and even occasionally in the big-circulation Liberal weekly *Elsevier*, a trend can be discerned towards the neutralism of, say, *Combat*; but it would be premature to attach any great or immediate political significance to such views. There is no doubt about the existence of deep divisions of opinion within all the parties in the Coalition. The Social-Democratic daily *Het Parool* admitted that the formulation of the new policy had caused "tension" within the party, and that a compromise which enabled Mr. Drees to form a Cabinet had been reached only with great difficulty. Nevertheless, the Coalition hangs together, and seems likely to do so. Though organised labour—weakened as it is by the fission of trade unionism on religious lines—may go on agitating for yet another round of wage increases, and more and more people may gradually begin to think out the connection between foreign policy and the high cost of living, the leadership of the political parties—Communists excepted—is in fact united in accepting the Atlantic Pact and rearmament as inevitable, because they cannot see how Western "freedom and democracy" are to be defended without American aid.

Amsterdam, May. PETRA ELDERING

Food of the Chemical Century

WHEN Tennyson a century ago complained that "chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread," his voice was only an echo of the thunders of the early 'fifties. In January, 1851, the formidable editor of the *Lancet*, Thomas Wakley, had launched his first bolt against the common adulteration of food. "During the presence," he wrote, "of the concourse drawn to the metropolis by the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, the temptation to adulterate articles of food and drink will be immense." It is likely enough that he was right; and as for the bread of those days, his "Analytical Sanitary Commission" found alum in all the samples they purchased from the London shops. Chalk and plaster and bone dust they did not incriminate; and while these substances may have been used for adulteration in late Georgian times, it is doubtful whether a profitable admixture of them could have resulted in a loaf that would not have aroused the suspicion of the customer.

Wakley's campaign led to our first Pure Food Act. In the century that has elapsed, have we made progress, or do we but move in a circle? Writing of bread, Dr. Arthur Hassall, a member of Wakley's Commission, remarked:

> It is curious how constantly the adulterating shopkeeper endeavours to shelter himself and to excuse his dishonest practices under the assertion that the public like it and will have it . . . as though the public were such great fools as actually to experience pleasure, not only in being cheated of their money, but robbed frequently of health as well.

Referring in the most recent report of the Medical Research Council to the "sophistication" of bread (Report for 1945–48), the author comments:

> It is not always easy to understand why many consumers prefer to have bread and related products so treated, but probably the best generalisation is that, when the chemical treatment of such foods makes them lighter in texture and in colour, and more easily masticated, then that is regarded as a preferable condition. In the case of bread, for instance, this means that, within limits, bread which contains more air and more water is more popular than bread in the more solid form.

In both instances the writers proceed to show that the forms of sophistication with which they deal have or could have serious effects upon the health of the consumer. The effects may be immediate or they may be remote and insidious. These last are the less readily controllable. "The matter," states the Medical Research Council, "is clearly one upon which judgment must be reserved, especially since the last fifty years have seen an apparent increase in this country of a number of diseases . . . of which the origin is very obscure, and it is during this time that chemical sophistication of food has become so common." The best tribute we can pay to the memory of Wakley and his stalwarts is to estimate conservatively how far we have come in a hundred years of legislative reforms.

It is obvious that, as soon as food begins to be transported, retailed, processed and preserved, men are tempted to sophisticate it in various ways. In that case some authority has at last to intervene to protect the consumer; and the only question is how far the powers of such an authority should logically extend. Progressively the State has been assuming more effective control over the quality and nature of the food retailed. Its first concern was to prevent the customer from being poisoned; but by the 'seventies it was viewing him as a purchaser who might on occasion be defrauded of the commodity he supposed himself to be asking for.

Next came general acceptance of the principle that a Public Analyst, using public funds for the purpose, might represent the interest of the consumer; in other words, it was tacitly agreed that the consumer cannot be expected to know at a glance whether the food is of the nature, substance or quality he is demanding. From that moment the problem arose, whether the same term always meant the same thing. Should there be objective standards laid down for quality and purity? Should there, in fact, be a standing commission to inform manufacturers and consumers of the legal consistency of foods in common use? As far as most foods are concerned, the discussion on standards of quality dragged on into the late 'thirties; but to all appearance the Ministry of Food has now taken advantage of the powers it inherited from the 1938 Act, to fix standards of quality for a considerable range of packed and bottled edibles.

It is always dangerous for a writer to take bread as his typical food when he touches the margins of chemical contamination; for it is believed by statesmen and administrators that the public are peculiarly sensitive about the colour and consistency of bread. Let me, then, say that the use of chemical agents may apply to a wide range of foods, and that the powers possessed by the Ministries seem now sufficient to hold them in check. Under Section 8 of the 1938 Act,

power was given to the Minister of Health to make regulations prohibiting or restricting the addition of any substance to food. But who is it that precisely administers this power? Judging by the form of certain regulations it appears to be the Minister of Food; yet the problem as to whether fumigating agents, preservatives, insecticides and "improvers" may or may not have a delayed injurious effect upon the organism is clearly one for the Minister of Health. There is an evident risk at present lest the new problems that are always arising become lost in a maze of inter-Departmental negotiations.

The fact is that we are passing into a chemical age to a degree undreamed of by Wakley and his colleagues. Foods may be contaminated with these substances at any stage during the process of production and storage; and the nature of the decisions that have to be made becomes correspondingly complex. For instance, a substance may be known to be toxic in moderate, but not necessarily in minute, quantities. Where in that case shall the margin of safety be set? And, while the larger processors may be in a position to superintend the use of such agents, is it always certain that the small men will be so consistently careful? A compound may be known to be injurious to some animals, while there is as yet no evidence that it affects the human organism. But do relatively short experiments with a few animals give any proof that remote damage is not to be expected? Once the subtleties of modern biochemistry had laid bare the changes that may be produced in a single nutrient by the presence of a contaminating agent, the hunt was up; for it was obvious that the strain thus exerted upon the bodily tissues might take a long time to manifest itself.

In these conditions there is a very natural conflict of views among the experts. There are some who would have no restraint placed upon the processor, unless it can be shown conclusively that the substance in question is injurious to health. On the other hand, there are many who hold that any substance, to which the slightest suspicion attaches, should be excluded altogether from food. They hold that some chemical compounds may affect the nutritive properties of foods in such a way as to render certain essential nutrients more or less unabsorbable or unassimilable; and their capacity for suspicion is highly developed. At what point a compromise will be reached, it is impossible to say.

Yet decisions will have to be reached. Whatever be the "natural" food of Man, it is certain that most of the food that modern urban consumers ingest is far from its natural state. There is nothing to complain of in that; it is a necessary corollary of an urban civilization. But we had better carry the long process to its logical issue and agree that responsibility must rest ultimately with the analyst and the biochemist. If there is to be a "messing about with our grub," it is preferable to have it in the hands of a suspicious and experimental fraternity; and possibly the only safe path is that of excluding all substances under suspicion, in the prospect that this will stimulate the search for reliable preservatives, colouring matters and fumigating agents. Wakley, in 1851, took the only course open to him, that of "setting a chemist to catch a chemist"; and this rule of the game still holds good.

F. Le Gros Clark

INDEX

An Index to Vol. XL. (July–December, 1950) is now available, ONE SHILLING, post free. The Publisher, New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Puerto Rican Journey

I.—The Lean and Hungry Cow

For the millions of immigrants who poured into the United States in the last century, the quay at the Battery was the golden door to the land of promise. Here, at the tip of Manhattan, Germans, Irish, Italians, and Poles stepped on to American soil. To-day, for all save a few selected groups, the golden door is shut. The Puerto Rican, however, enters without restriction: he is an American citizen and therefore not subject to immigration barriers. Only, for him, the door opens at La Guardia Field and its key is a thirty-five dollar aeroplane ticket from San Juan.

Every year, thousands of Puerto Ricans fly into New York. Unlike the immigrants of the past, who spread out across the continent, few of them get much farther. New York itself is the goal; for, to the islanders, the city is the symbol of all the lure and opportunity of America. On arrival they naturally drift into districts of the city already permeated by Puerto Ricans, where homes and jobs may be easier to find. There is a pocket of them down near the Bowery, another on the lower West Side, and a large group lives in the Bronx. But, for the most part, they pour into the overcrowded blocks of Spanish Harlem, which lies around the upper reaches of Park and Fifth Avenues. Where the railway tracks come into the open, about 96th Street, the expensive apartment houses—in one of those sudden contrasts typical of New York—give way to dingy brownstone tenements. Downtown, the avenues are glossy and sophisticated: here, they are crude and popular. Pleasure and business spill out on to the sidewalk. The cries of the street vendors and of salesmen in the municipal market under the arches compete with the clatter of trains passing overhead. Between a stall of trinkets and another of flashy ties and socks stands High John the Conqueror, selling his magic potions from the jungles of Africa and claiming to cure any disease of the heart or mind. At the corner is a pedlar whose trained parrot will take your dime in its beak and pick out for you a fortune card.

It is a strange world into which the arriving Puerto Rican is plunged. As often as not he speaks no English; the ways of the big city are harsh and unfamiliar and he must rely on friends and relatives for help. There is racial discrimination to be met, especially for the dark-skinned Puerto Ricans and for the one-third who are Negroes. Most of the newcomers are unskilled and, even in a period of prosperity, there is stiff competition for the lower-paid jobs for which they are eligible. But, for all the social and economic difficulties they have to face, life in New York has attracted about a quarter of a million Puerto Ricans. Why did they come and why do they still pour in?

The island of Puerto Rico, with its population of about two million, has for some time been in the throes of an economic and political crisis. Its population figures are dramatic and, as fifty thousand Puerto Ricans are added to the total each year, their density on the land has reached a level equivalent to the settlement of the entire world population within the United States. The economy, under present conditions, cannot support this burden, and the people pay the price in poverty and disease.

The Spaniards yielded Puerto Rico to the United States in 1898. Since then sugar cane has become the staple cash crop in place of coffee and tobacco. More than half the rural workers are employed on sugar lands, and this crop accounts for two-thirds of the island's exports. The troubles that follow from this dependence upon a single product are typical of a lop-sided colonial economy. Indeed, the relationship between the island and the United States is a special form of "colonialism." Sugar is produced almost entirely for the American market: the profitability and the volume of production depend upon the level of the U.S. tariff, which is fixed by Congress. Puerto Rico, in turn, buys nearly half its foodstuffs and almost all its consumer and capital goods from the United States. Clearly, the terms of trade run sharply against the island. American food and industrial goods come from a high cost economy and their prices are appallingly high in terms of the value of Puerto Rican exports, priced on the low wages paid to the island's workers. These pay much the same for clothes and many foods as a worker in, say, Detroit. Their work, too, is seasonal and even in good times the agricultural labourer usually earns as little as ten dollars a week. It is hard for them to secure wage advances as the labour supply is so abundant.

Until recently four large absentee corporations monopolised the sugar estates. Munoz Marin, the present Governor of the island, described Puerto Rico as a lean and hungry cow that was fed by the American taxpayers in order to be milked by four large sugar corporations. And even now, the effort to change this, sponsored by Marin, has not substantially altered the system. He has sought to democratise land ownership, to diversify agriculture, and to build up domestic industries. Some capital has been attracted to the island by the low wage and working conditions, which permit production of low-cost goods for markets in areas unable to pay U.S. prices. But some manufacturers from the mainland, with a rich market in Puerto Rico, have not looked favourably upon such local competition, and have ruined some domestic ventures, by dumping from the mainland or by securing a manipulation of the freight rates.

Nationalism is the obvious political answer to such economic conditions. There seems to be little mass support for the fanatical and Right-wing nationalists who recently launched an abortive revolt on the island and sent two of their members to Washington to attempt the assassination of Mr. Truman. But the dislike for direct U.S. control has been sufficient to win Puerto Rico some degree of home rule. Since 1917, the islanders have been American citizens, but unless they are resident in the United States they cannot vote for the President and the island's representative in Congress sits without the right to vote. Three years ago, in response to the rising tide of discontent, Congress extended the island's domestic franchise to the right to elect its own Governor, who had previously been nominated by the President of the United States. But the Puerto Ricans consider this concession to be inadequate and they comment strongly on the disparity between the democratic principles of the United States and the second-class citizenship imposed upon them in their homeland.

The contrast is the more marked because Puerto Rico suffers from cultural schizophrenia. Its past and its traditions are Spanish: its politics, its economy, and, increasingly, its social life reflect America. These two pressures conflict in everyday life, in religion and marriage, in education and entertainment. For many Puerto Ricans the only answer to their problems is emigration in search of new homes and greater opportunity. Yet they do not move to the Latin American countries with which they have cultural and linguistic ties. They go to New York. True,

they enjoy free entry there, and there are kinsmen to help them on arrival. But, as C. Wright Mills has pointed out in his recent detailed study of these migrants, *Puerto Rican Journey*, New York has become a fetish in their lives and the attraction of the city itself is somehow a more powerful impetus to migration than economic pressure at home. New York is the New Jerusalem for which the pilgrim has long prepared himself, and the culture he has winnowed from the movies, the juke box and the comics is his intellectual passport. JEANNE MACKENZIE

Plutonia-on-Sea

A STRIP of red Cumberland earth imprisoned between the Lakeland mountains and the Irish Sea is Britain's plutonium-producing district. "Plutonia" has as its "capital," Sellafield, which appears on few maps and is dismissed as "place with railway station" in the gazetteers. Hereabouts they already claim England's highest mountain (Scawfell Pike), her deepest lake (Wastwater) and her smallest church (the parish church at Wasdale Head). Now Sellafield has added a new superlative with the tallest chimneys in Britain. These cream-coloured twin shafts tower 410 feet into the sky.

Under these chimneys of the Ministry of Supply's Whitscale Works are the only atomic piles between the Iron Curtain and the U.S., making plutonium, the explosive used in the Nagasaki and Bikini bombs. It is now being produced at an increasing rate in the two piles which went into operation early this year. Sellafield is a *production* centre—a smaller British equivalent of the huge plant at Hanford, Washington—whereas the Harwell station is primarily a research centre. Plutonium is its sole product; the tremendous heat which is generated simultaneously is pouring to waste up the chimneys. There is apparently no time just now for experimenting with this vast source of power which, one day, may herald another industrial revolution. When the first steps were taken towards establishing atomic production here three years ago, the application of atomic power to industry had a high place in the programme. But among the scientific workers I have found little opposition to the decision to concentrate on plutonium production—only disappointment that the world situation has forced this change, and that the peaceful uses of atomic energy have to suffer neglect.

When the chimney tops are lost in the clouds and mist hides everything beyond the second safety fence, Sellafield has the appearance and atmosphere one would expect to find in a film about an atom station. Close by, the sea pounds the rugged coast, and near the beach a beacon flashes a "keep away" warning to aircraft. There was a sense of foreboding among the local people as they watched the giant chimneys rise. This has been largely dispelled, thanks to the patient explanations of officials and local common sense; but at first there were many fears. Mainly there was fear of the unknown: the factory might explode without warning; all men in the district would be made sterile; the sea would become so radioactive that it would be fatal to swim there; dangerous rays were everywhere in the atmosphere; farmers feared their cows' milk yield would be reduced.

This is an indication of the impact that atomic production can have on a community, and of the task confronting those responsible for dispelling these fears. For a long time, similar fears may be felt wherever new atomic plants are established. Sellafield is fortunate in its chief—the general manager of the works, Mr. H. G. Davey, who from the beginning of the project has felt a responsibility for easing "atomic jitters." By public lectures and casual conversations he has implanted the simple view that the station is "an ordinary chemical factory with an added radioactive hazard." How effective Mr. Davey's efforts and those of his assistants have been is quickly apparent. There are the inevitable cranks who blame Sellafield for every strange bottle that washes ashore but, by and large, there is more clear thinking on atomic energy than you would find in most parts of Britain. The shepherd who had never seen London pointed his crook at the chimneys and remarked: "The T.N.T. factories we had here during the war were more likely to go up than that." Only fear of war, and especially fear of what it might mean for the district, remains. "We're a Number One target for any enemy," the locals say, at the same time taking comfort from the mountains and the screens of radar and aircraft between them and Europe.

Atomic production is more welcome here than it would be in most other parts of Britain: it has helped to maintain the prosperity which came just before and during the war, after a depression longer and deeper than endured even in most other Special Areas. Many new industries have come to West Cumberland in the past 15 years, but none has reshaped the district as Sellafield is doing. It is accomplishing much more than the taking-up of excess labour: it is bringing new people permanently to the district, while hitherto the trend has been the other way. Young men from London and Birmingham are marrying local girls. There are new educational facilities and an unprecedented standard of housing and amenities. Moreover, this is now one of the healthiest spots in Britain; no effort is being spared to keep it that way. The Sellafield authorities are determined to avoid any industrial disease becoming associated with atomic production. A "health physics" department, primarily set up to safeguard the health of atomic workers and local people against dangerous radiation, is at the same time effecting a general improvement in the health of the district. There are regular and thorough medical examinations for all workers; vans scour the countryside testing for increased radio activity, but so far there has been no rise above the natural amount in the atmosphere. The chimneys themselves were given their record height so that gaseous effluent, after filtering, has plenty of clean air in which to be diluted before it reaches ground level again. Tides in the Irish Sea are constantly checked to ensure that the liquid effluent, run off in two steel pipes on to the sea-bed one mile and a half from shore, is diluted to an innocuous strength before it washes ashore.

When Sellafield reaches peak production there will be jobs for 1,500 local workers, unskilled and semi-skilled, and probably about 1,000 scientific workers brought in from elsewhere. Most newcomers have accepted the isolation happily. There are salary complaints; the range of £300 to £600 a year for scientific workers, many of them with university degrees, seems little enough for work of immense skill and responsibility. Some wives are lonely for the city, but more and more are making their own amenities and finding a new joy in life, with Wordsworth's country on their doorstep.

A happy aspect of Sellafield is the scheme for training young scientists and technicians to take their places in atomic production. West Cumberland has here an outlet for youthful talents which previously had to be exported or denied. For the first time there are local careers for those with the desire and qualifications to be scientists or the most highly skilled technicians. Whitehaven will not have its new technical college until next year, but already a principal has been appointed and the school is operating—inside the atomic station in laboratory-classrooms, in night classes conducted by workers from Sellafield, and in extensions to existing schools. Boys taking jobs in Sellafield must undertake to continue part-time studies, and an agreement has been made whereby boys with university prospects are dissuaded from taking jobs at the present. In the long run, most of these prospective graduates are expected to find their way back to high positions in the plant. In this way, Sellafield, although preoccupied with the bomb, is not losing sight of the future. NEIL KELLY

Sellafield.

What I Still Believe

MR. E. F. BENSON records in his autobiography how at house parties, when he was a boy, gentlemen refrained from smoking after dinner lest, when they rejoined the so sensitive ladies in the drawing-room, they carried with them the fumes of tobacco. Later, having donned a special jacket and cap, they descended to a special room, where they smoked together privily with a mingled sense of guilt and daring. He also records—so frail were the ladies—that it was the recognised thing for them to sit down at the end of the first Psalm at the morning Service. I venture to add—so mysterious were the ladies—that I grew to the age of ten believing them to be solid pillars of flesh down to the ankles, where they branched out into two feet.

This was the conception of women against which my generation revolted, revolted to the point of joining the Men's Political Union, breaking windows in Oxford Street, and spending an occasional night in prison to help women to the vote. When at last success was achieved and the vote vouchsafed, great things were expected. But so far from great things occurring, it sometimes seems as though the world has gone from bad to worse ever since. Women have made no special contribution to social improvement achieved through political action in those spheres of health, housing, care of children, and so on, which one would have supposed distinctively theirs. As for the overriding problem of our time, though they themselves are the worst sufferers from war, they have put forward no proposals, they have devised no plans, they have exerted no specifically feminine influence to rid the world of its greatest scourge, the scourge of man-made war. For themselves—they are as we know them to-day. They live harried lives, and work harder than they have ever done, having apparently overlooked the fact that in emancipating themselves they would emancipate the charwoman as well.

In the first world war, in common with many of my generation, I took the pacifist line. As conscientious objectors we held that the only way ultimately to rid the world of war was for men to refuse to take part in it; and somebody, we maintained, must take the lead. There was a moment at the end of the 'twenties when it looked as if pacifism might even become practical politics. That was the era of the great pacifist films. The climax of a series of pacifist books and plays, they came near to persuading a generation that war was a crime against humanity—persuading it, at any rate in this country, to such effect that in the early 'thirties nearly every University Union affirmed that its members would not "fight for King and Country." A persistent pacifist propagandist, I spoke in favour

of the resolution when it was first proposed at Oxford. Yet in 1940, with the Nazis at the gates, I, like so many others, recanted my pacifism, wrote pamphlets for the Ministry of Information, and sought to join the Home Guard. Now, though the old pacifist instinct has returned, I can never again take part in the old pacifist advocacy.

In common with many of my generation I was brought up to be a Socialist. Ours, in fact, was the first generation of middle-class Socialists. The fact was not surprising. England before 1914 was a land of gross social and economic inequality, in which the poverty and the misery of the many were outraged by the luxury and the ostentation of the few. Under Socialism we believed the poverty and the misery would disappear and the inequality be rectified. This was the first, fresh springtime of Fabian Socialism, and we saw ourselves marching in irresistible procession with Shaw, Webb and Wells—slightly out of step—in the vanguard, to the promised land of State ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange which we believed lay just round the corner.

In so far as it embodies the nationalisation of the basic industries and services—the remedy upon which we chiefly set store—Socialism has in a degree been achieved. Yet while gross poverty has been abolished and flagrant inequality ironed out, it is hard to resist including in the general achievement the establishment of a certain level drabness extending drearily to a not too distant horizon of universal mediocrity. Be that as it may, Socialism is no longer a creed to conjure with. It is like a hat which has lost its shape because so many wear it; rightly or wrongly, few of us now look to it to revivify our early hopes.

There was another world-improver and man-regenerator—science. Science had learned to tap the hidden forces of the planet and to harness them to man's service, and was everywhere improving the conditions of man's lot, increasing his output of commodities, abolishing distance by accelerating his speed of movement, and saving him from dull and drudging work. It was rapidly extending the average span of his life—from twenty-nine in 1840 to over forty-eight in 1901, and presently to fifty-nine in 1925 and sixty-six in 1949—diminishing disease and relieving pain. People were talking of using science eugenically to breed out mental deficiency and to breed *for* socially desirable types. Yet to-day most of us never worked so hard or had so little time to spare. The speed of transport in the centres of our great cities yearly diminishes, the number of mental defectives and illiterates is great and growing, while the only way in which we can recover from the strain and stress, the racket and the overcrowding which control over nature involves, is by retiring for intervals into the country where nature is still in modified control over man. Worst of all, this same science bids fair to destroy our civilisation in war.

The generation which came to maturity just before the first Great War can scarcely be blamed for what now appears a naive optimism. Its leaders taught it no better. "There are so far no symptoms," Lord Balfour asserted in an address to the students of Newnham College in 1908, "either of pause or of regression in the onward movement which for more than a thousand years has been characteristic of Western civilisation," while Professor Bury, in a celebrated volume contributed to the Home University Library in 1913, was asserting that "the struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty."

Since then we have learned from other teachers—two, in particular—that much of what has happened since was inherent in a situation whose promise seemed to justify our hopes. First, the Marxists have taught us that the social scene in all its aspects is no more than the by-product of the economic structure that underlies it, and that the ideal aspirations that men nourish, the creeds and causes by which they seek to give them reality, are no more than corks bobbing about on the waves of economic circumstance, their movements determined by currents which run below the surface, and that these currents were running the world we knew on to the rocks. Capitalism, in short, was in decline and would be ultimately superseded. But the period of its supersession would be neither short nor pleasant; on the contrary, we were on the threshold of a series of revolutionary wars which might well endure for a whole historical epoch. Meanwhile, the political and economic amenities, such as growing liberty and a rising standard of living which graced its expansion, could not be expected to continue during its decline.

Christianity also forbade the easy acceptance of the belief in continuous progress. It was only because it rejected or paid no attention to Christian teachings that the prevailing temper of the age in which I grew up fell victim to a shallow optimism in regard to human nature, which caused us to think that the millenium was just round the corner waiting to be introduced by a society of adequately psycho-analysed, prosperous Socialists. The Christian doctrine of original sin, I now believe, expresses a deep and essential insight into human nature. It is because so many of us who grew up on the intellectual Left rejected it that we were so constantly disappointed; disappointed by the failure of people to be reasonable, by the subservience of intellect to emotion, by the failure of Utopian Socialism to arrive, by the behaviour of politicians, by the masses' preference of Mr. Sinatra to Beethoven, above all by the recurrent fact of war.

Christianity has this in common with Marxism, that each rebukes the liberal optimism of the age in which I grew up—Marxism on the ground of an insufficient understanding of the processes of history and the nature of economics; Christianity on the ground of an insufficient understanding of the nature of man. Having learned from both of them, I can no longer subscribe to the easy-going optimism of my youth—for have not both, in their different ways, been justified by the events of the last thirty-five years? I no longer think that the equality of women, pacifism, Socialism or science will bring about the millenium or even markedly improve the human lot.

What, then, remains? For me, two things, of which the second derives from the first. The first is a belief in human reason and human morality. I still believe, that is to say, that man is both reasonable and moral in the sense that, if something is true or just in the sphere of morals or advantageous in that of expediency, and if, arguing patiently, cogently and reasonably in season and out of season in its favour, you can show people that it is, then in the end they will see the point and, being persuaded, act accordingly. It is by such methods that many of the evils that have oppressed man's life in the past—witchcraft and gladiatorial combats and slavery and duelling—have been eradicated. I believe it is by such means that war may yet be superseded. But I don't believe that the process is inevitable, or that it will occur easily or quickly. Indeed, the whole process of improvement may well be stopped, and mankind again relapse into barbarism.

Secondly, there remains a conviction of the value in a society of certain political goods, notably liberty of thought and expression, notably education and tolerance as constituting the necessary framework for the functioning of man's reason. These goods, I further believe, can be secured only in a democracy.

C. E. M. JOAD

Staying in the Suburbs

TWENTY years ago I had a friend much older than myself, and I used occasionally to go and stay with him in one of the most squalid and dismal London suburbs. He died of overwork, although some people said it was whisky. He was a physician, and hardly any of his patients ever paid him, not because they did not appreciate his skill, but because a lot of them were petty criminals and their incomes were small and irregular. His house was a wedge-shaped building over a basement, of yellow brick, standing on a corner where a wide, straight street of impoverished greengrocers and fried-fish shops, with trams down the middle, crossed one of those outer London streets whose great width is not justified by any considerable traffic. The asphalt seemed always to be coated with a thin brown slime, the same colour as the sky. All the buildings of the neighbourhood were ignoble, of soot-stained yellow brick, and with dirty uncurtained windows.

The last time I stayed with my friend I got to his house before he returned from his afternoon round, and when he came in he was annoyed because his watch had been stolen. He wore a gold pocket-watch on a chain, for a certain fullness of body, amounting even to corpulence, which gave dignity to his great height, had suggested to him a rather old-fashioned style of dressing: he habitually wore stand-up, starched collars, on top of which his perfectly circular, red face topped by ginger hair *en brosse*, rested, solid and only partially mobile.

I said I was sorry about the watch and he replied that it did not really matter, it had often been stolen before and always returned: he had been making two calls in a street which was inhabited principally by pick-pockets, small confidence tricksters, racing touts and professional beggars in quite a good way of business, and no doubt his watch had been taken by a newcomer unaware of the rules.

Sure enough, the local fence, a jeweller, was the last man in the surgery that evening. He was a little, grey, blinking creature, quietly prosperous, whom my friend was treating for syphilis. After the treatment was done, the fence asked if he could speak to the doctor in the private part of the house, so they came up to the living-room where I was reading and my friend introduced us and said I was *alright*. The little man produced the watch and chain and was very apologetic about its having been stolen: as my friend had supposed, the thief was a newcomer.

"But he won't try *that* again in a hurry," the jeweller assured us, tittering. Meanwhile I was answering the telephone and I told the doctor he was wanted at once at the hospital to administer an anæsthetic. He was rather tired, so I drove him there in his old car and we did not get any dinner that night. My friend took me in with him: there was a sour smell beneath the odour of formaldehyde, and the grey corridors seemed dreadfully cold. The surgeon found us in a sort of common-room, he was one of those dark, hairy men whose skin seems too small for them. He said the case was a casualty; a man named Wolakin who kept a junk-shop had had a row with his wife just as they were closing the shop for the

night, and she had gone for him with an old cutlass which was part of the stock, and had opened up his abdomen to the navel.

"It wasn't very sharp," the surgeon said, "and she must be a very strong woman."

But it wasn't the case which worried him so much as the fact that one of the nurses who had a special exeat from the matron would have to act as dresser, and she was making a fuss about an appointment with her betrothed where she could not reach him to let him know. Both the doctors looked at me and the surgeon said, "You wouldn't faint or anything?"

"So long," I said "as you don't give me anything to do."

"Just hold things," my friend said.

I nearly did a faint though: it was not the blood or the insides, but the stench, which I had not expected. I pulled myself together, and soon got used to it, and in any case I had only to hold a dish of instruments. The doctors talked from behind their masks about the day's cricket, which the surgeon had been to watch, until my friend said:

"Your patient's dead, old man."

The surgeon was very put out and insisted on trying oxygen, which they did until the patient was breathing again, and then they finished the operation. "All the same," my friend said, in the car going home, "it was a waste of time and oxygen. That chap'll die in the night, the way Humblebones was hacking him about."

"Humblebones?"

"The surgeon."

When we got home we made some cheese sandwiches in the pantry, which was below ground level and smelt of drains, and we took them and a bottle of whisky and two .22 rifles up to the living-room. The rifles were for a game we always played in my friend's house when I stayed with him. The place was overrun by very large mice and their principal thoroughfare was the picture rail: my friend encouraged the mice, preserved them as he called it, with cheese crumbs and bits of bread. We used to sit each in an armchair, one on either side of the fire, and put out all but one 25-watt lamp, and be still except for occasionally filling the whisky glasses, and shoot at the mice as they ran round the picture rail. There was hardly any plaster left above it. Before we began, each of us put a £1 note on the table and the biggest bag won the money. I never won it; my friend was a wonderful shot at a running mouse at four-and-a-half yards: he had once been a great pheasant-shot, but he had had to give that up because, so he said, the whisky had spoilt his eye and his hand, as it had for surgery.

We went to bed at two, in the same wedge-shaped room in the salient corner of the house, with brown lino on the floor, and brown rep curtains over Nottingham lace that hadn't been washed for years. The municipality had installed a very powerful light on a tall standard just outside the window, and even with the curtains drawn on their wooden rings, the room was always faintly twilit. About an hour after we had got to sleep we were awakened by the sound of trumpeting . . . an eerie, shrill, blasting scream, and a terrific row in the street. We got up and went to the window to look out. The two crossing streets looked immensely wide and void, but right under our window were five elephants, one very large, and two Indians on horseback. I suppose they belonged to a circus. We soon saw that the men were trying to divide the herd into two parties, one to go towards London and the other towards Tottenham. They were goading the elephants with pointed metal rods, but the animals were being obstinate. In the end the Indians succeeded, one going North with three elephants, one South with the other two, and we went back to bed.

We were just dozing off when we heard that extraordinary trumpeting scream again and then the sound of a galloping horse. We jumped out of bed and rushed to the window and tore aside the curtains. The Indian's horse was in a flat gallop straight down the tramlines towards Tottenham and the man was beating the horse frantically. The largest of the elephants was about twenty yards behind and also galloping, with its trunk held up and its great tusks flashing in the light of the street lamps. I don't know when I've seen anything so odd and so impressive, yet the elephant did not seem so outrageously out of place, on the tramlines, between the straight rows of squalid houses, perhaps because it was night and there was no traffic. We watched in silence until the race was out of sight, and heard, now distant and melancholy, the elephant trumpet once more.

"What do you think will happen?" I asked.

"The elephant was gaining," my friend said.

"I don't think it was," I said.

So we each put a £1 note on the washstand, weighted with my friend's upper denture, and went to bed again.

The following morning my friend had his patients to attend to, and I went out to see what had happened. I followed a tale of wondering stories as far as Highbury where, it seems, the elephant had caught the Indian near a churchyard, a little enclave of grass and yew-trees in the surrounding brick and mortar, yanked him off his horse and tossed him in the air: the poor man had fallen on the churchyard railings and been impaled and killed instantly. The horse had disappeared, but the elephant had stayed and eaten almost the whole of a thousand-year-old yew-tree which made it so ill they had to shoot it: the major at a neighbouring barracks, who had been in India, did that.

I was glad to get back to the quiet of the country the following day, and the next thing I heard my friend was dead. He had managed to crawl to the telephone, although he must have been in great pain, and phoned, not the local hospital, but the one where he had been a student. They sent an ambulance and rushed him into the theatre, where a very great man who was his devoted friend operated. He had to cut away two or three feet of the small intestine. The operation was technically a brilliant success, I heard, and everyone said that the surgeon deserved his baronetcy if only for that. All the same, he killed my friend, and Humblebones, the man who tried to save the junk-shop keeper, could hardly have done more.

EDWARD HYAMS

SONG

A delicate skeleton
The weeping willow in winter tells
A terrible tale to the watchful one:
Bled white under a white sky
The anatomical twigs declare
That beauty is bare.

Look where the wept leaves lie
Where the soil, digesting, swells
With its plunder of tears.
Lacking such durable grace,
Hide your dying face:
Food for the ravenous years.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE WORLD WELL LOST

IT was a very interesting and enterprising idea of Sir Laurence Olivier's to present Shaw's and Shakespeare's Cleopatra plays side by side. As it turns out the comparison bears very hardly upon Shaw. *Antony and Cleopatra* is a most wonderfully rich play, combining the sweep of history with the intensity of tragedy, packed with some of the greatest poetry Shakespeare wrote, which distils the very essence of passion in language that ravages the senses. It is one of the three of Shakespeare's plays which can claim to be his greatest; and if it were not for the almost insuperable difficulty of casting, it would be more generally recognised as such. Shaw's play, on the other hand, is altogether less mature and successful. It has too much the air of being the product of one of those crude Shavian boasts: "Anything you can do I can do better." But of course he couldn't. The dialectic style is quite incongruous with the movement and pageantry and scale of chronicle. By *St. Joan* Shaw had evolved a completely satisfactory compromise, for there he was not debunking something else, but getting at the truth—or one aspect of the truth—about an historical episode. In *Caesar and Cleopatra* he is at the same time parodying the contemporary historical play and presenting a Shavian hero. His Caesar is a fascinating portrait and there are some excellent scenes. But there are also some bad ones, the narrative is clumsy, the history too detailed to make its point. By itself it would, of course, still make its effect, but it simply won't stand the comparison with *Antony and Cleopatra*, though it is only fair to add that its production at the St. James's has been bungled, while the Shakespearean production is, taken all round, a success, in spite of its difficulties.

The obstacles to the successful production of *Antony and Cleopatra* are, first of all, mechanical, particularly the swift alternations of scene between Egypt and Rome, and secondly personal—the casting of the main roles. Though there are at least four actors capable of an acceptable Antony, to find an actress equal to the role of Cleopatra has, in our day, proved impossible. Miss Vivien Leigh is not an exception, though she makes her own kind of brave attempt at it. But she is not, and never will be, a classical tragic actress. She simply lacks the stature all round. Her Cleopatra misses, in particular, three things. She is by no means royal; she lacks temperament, and she doesn't succeed in suggesting sensuality. Miss Leigh's looks are famous, but that is quite another thing. The world is not lost by an Antony for a pretty face, but for that depth of passionate physical sensuality which Enobarbus describes in the famous speech that ends with the lines (deleted I rather fancy in this production):

> for vilest things
> Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
> Bless her when she is riggish.

This Cleopatra no more suggests the riggish than the regal. Consequently she cannot encompass those early scenes of Antony's absence which should be misted and dripping with the steam of unsatisfied heat (but the production was deficient at this point, too). Nor, either, does she get anywhere near the necessary fire and changeability. In sum she lacks, as an actress, extravagance of temperament. What is not there, can't be brought out, and can't be put in. But whereas other Cleopatras that we have seen have failed by trying to do more than they can, the great virtue of Miss Vivien Leigh's is that she doesn't try the impossible and fail. She does what she can and does it better than we might reasonably have hoped. In a production which (however much we may quarrel with some of its detail) does grasp the great line and sweep of the play boldly and imaginatively, she doesn't at least strike any false notes and gives us confidence from

the very first entrance that she won't. She lets the verse speak itself, and that is a great deal.

The mechanical problem of the alternating scenes is solved by a revolving stage which transports us easily and quickly from Rome to Egypt and back again. Scenically, dark plain marble pillars stand for Rome, slender Corinthian columns for Egypt; the Roman cloaks are cobalt, Antony's and the Egyptians' scarlet. Mr. Michael Benthall, the producer, decorates and elaborates on this scheme with really beautiful lighting and an often successful use of subsidiaries and crowds. It is Mr. Benthall's particular gift as a Shakespearean producer to catch beyond the particular scene the rhythm of the whole, and to mark it firmly. I don't mean that there are not finely realised individual scenes. On the contrary. I would instance the first meeting between Caesar and Antony, and a superbly managed entrance of Antony's after the defeat, when he winds his way in through the pillars, bowed with shame. Not all the acting or casting is up to the standard one might expect of the St. James's; what a missed opportunity to choose an Enobarbus who makes so little vocally of his great speech and dramatically of his marvellously etched part. But the production holds them all together and keeps the whole up to a level where this great play can be enjoyed, with the help of a certain amount of private imagination.

I cannot equally praise the Shaw production. Mr. Benthall here seems to have made the mistake of trying to find resemblances between the two instead of emphasising the absolute difference. For all its pretence of being a chronicle play, *Caesar and Cleopatra* is in fact a play of dialectic, in which what finally counts is the shape of sentences, the balance of phrases, the conversational interplay, the rhythm of statement and counterstatement, the orchestration of the dialogue. All this is muffled by the heavy blanket of overproduction: too much movement, too many extras, too much noise. And none of the strokes consequently "come off" as they do in the Shakespeare. Even Mr. Roger Furse's setting, though in part the same as in *Antony*, becomes here something as tawdry as an Alma Tadema. The fault is partly Shaw's for it was he who mixed the modes, but it would have made a far more lively contrast if the production had really gone all out for the Shavian values and underplayed the pageantry, leaving that to Shakespeare, who was a master of it.

Still, it has its rewards. It enables Sir Laurence Olivier to bring off a very neat left and right. His Caesar is a most convincing creation: the offspring clearly of a great late nineteenth-century ruling family, accustomed to producing political bishops and idealising politicians, conscious of their own greatness, just but firm, eminently reasonable on the outside but tough as leather on the inside. A certain affectation of speech that is creeping into Sir Laurence's comedy delivery fits in well here—but it is a vice which is in danger of growing on him. It is not there at all in the completely contrasted Antony, which seems to me exactly right to the last hair. He is the curled and barbered Antony, but also the grizzled ruffian: fiery, passionate, hesitant, struggling. He exhibits just that excess of character which turns the brilliant Captain into the adventurer, whom no one can trust, and no one fail to love. It is a superb performance. Not, perhaps, one of his greatest, for an Antony needs a Cleopatra to act against, but superb. Miss Leigh is, on the face of it, much better suited to Shaw's Cleopatra than Shakespeare's. The beginning is all right, but somewhere between her acting and the production the growing-up process which is the whole point of her gets lost. Mr. Robert Helpmann also has an important double role, as Apollodorus, the artist, which fits him well in the Shaw, and in the Shakespeare as Octavius Caesar, a piece of anti-type casting which at first he seemed to be going to justify by remaining a cool, self-confident figure since he cannot be steely; but as the play progresses he is inclined to tighten up in an attempt to get the strength which isn't there.

T. C. WORSLEY

BALLET

THE Festival Ballet, headed by Markova and Dolin, has returned to the Stoll Theatre for another season. The *corps de ballet* is still unworthy of a great ballerina, but on the whole the company is vastly improved. *Les Sylphides*, for instance, has ceased to be a dispiriting experience which one only endured for the sake of Markova's Prelude. The production of *Petrouchka* also looks tidier and the orchestra sounds less odd than formerly. But this company still needs new items to freshen up their stale, if popular, repertory. One had hoped that Lichine's latest work, *Impressions*, would provide this—after all he has shown himself in the past to be a measurable choreographer. Alas, Bizet's symphony, which inspired one of Balanchine's most remarkable achievements (*Palais de Cristal*, subsequently *Symphony in C*) has evoked only the most banal response from Lichine. The magnitude of his failure is only apparent when we measure the choreographer against the programme. Here the synopsis is revealing. It claims that the commonplace capers devised for Bizet's melodious first movement represent "the results that one can derive from classical and acrobatic dancing," while the *pas de deux*, which is the second movement, is apparently an "essay to express the mysticism of the classical line in presenting the *Pas de Deux*." Now, given that such an anomaly as "the mysticism of the classical line" exists, is it not folly to try to express it in terms of choreography as sensitive, full of "mysticism" and as classically distinguished as a routine designed for circus ponies—choreography which all Markova's artistry and technical skill and Dolin's heroic partnering cannot transcend? Quite apart from its lack of beauty and invention, *Impressions* has none of the unity which a symphonic ballet demands. The third movement shows the "male dancer, like Pegasus, inviting the Ballerinas to fly with him to the land of movement." The fourth has a therapeutic theme—"the acceleration of the heart by music." More energetic than the others, if no less insipid, this last movement shows John Gilpin to some advantage, though not Riabouchinska, who is a monotonous maenad. Hugh Stevenson's *décor* is appropriately offensive.

Poetry has inspired John Cranko's new ballet at Sadler's Wells, but for once there is no call for dismay. The first ten lines of *The Waste Land* merely embellish the programme. With the exception of a few images, the content and mood of *Harlequin in April* have no connection with Eliot's poem—a mercy, for Cranko's ballet exists on too many different levels as it is. This "Pantomime with Divertissements" (a prologue, two short acts, an *entr'acte* and an epilogue) figures a fussy old Pierrot, heavily characterised as "the human muddler," a galaxy of April flowers and Harlequin, "re-born," who "here represents human aspiration." Since "this aspiration makes it possible for him to break away from the plants who are earthbound and self-sufficient," Harlequin is free to roam the skies in search of "Columbine, his ideal." But when he finds her, she is torn from him by "the Unicorn, traditional guardian of chastity"; back he goes to floral slumber. Much of the symbolism seems silly on the stage, partly because it is whimsically managed, partly because the scenario is an unsatisfactory amalgam. Yet this is an inventive ballet with many successful, even beautiful passages, such as when the plants come to life. The fitful movements of unfolding tendrils are reminiscent of those nature films which record the growth of poppy or potato within the compass of a few minutes. Harlequin's solo and his dance with Columbine (performed with authority and understanding by David Blair and Patricia Miller) are among the best work that this choreographer has yet done; he appears to be evolving a truly personal idiom. In the over-busy role of Pierrot, Stanley Holden again proves himself an admirable mime. John Piper's plants unfortunately resemble elves in a Brownie pageant, but his proscenium-like set—crumbling columns, a torn curtain, murky tints—is faithful to a well-tried formula. The score which the Arts Council commissioned from Richard Arnell gives the choreographer every opportunity for his effects, but it is no more memorable than goodish film music.

Ballet Workshop present their fifth programme at the Mercury Theatre on May 20th and 27th. This includes two groups of dances by Paul Draper. I have only space here to advise everyone to make a point of seeing this brilliant tap dancer.

RICHARD JOHNSON

THE MOVIES

"Teresa," at the Empire
"Out of True," at the Academy
"Ballerina" and "Partie de Campagne," at the Continentale

Awfulness can sometimes be taken for granted; and as one who, never having heard the great Caruso plain, yet worshipped him on one-sided guinea records, I may perhaps be forgiven for turning a deaf ear to *The Great Caruso* at the Empire and writing instead about the outgoing film. *Teresa* will soon be viewable elsewhere. This piece has more than a few qualities to recommend it. It is well made by Fred Zinnemann, in the manner appropriate to black and white and grey, that prefers common people and situations and proceeds to seek them out with an uncommon touch.

Even if the story were less absorbing than it is there would still be the pleasure of faces and places that ring new bells, of knowing the shadows under the Elevated, the crowded back street with high steps up to an open door. One sequence in *Teresa* makes a notable entry: the hard dark upstairs corridor takes us past doors from which obtrude voices horribly brushing the passer-by, and sensitiveness is redoubled by the fact that this is the homecoming of an Italian village girl to her husband's parents in New York. Italy, the nightmare of sun and rubble, a war marriage, the boy's return to unemployment and a possessive mother, have been revealed in a lengthy flashback; disillusion has seeped in everywhere long before it comes as a shock to the young bride; and the damaged idyll has so many hooks in an experience already ours, that some weaknesses in the dramatic working-out will leave the film still memorable. The atmosphere of family stranglehood and the conflict between mother and wife are beautifully conveyed, but young Oedipus is let slip as a case with a smug, all-wise analyst in the background. Don't let in the consultant unless you're prepared to understand and tackle him too, would be good, if useless, advice to script writers. The bureaucratic solution followed by baby smiles doesn't ruin the piece, though one may feel that the director has been more at home in the past with uncured violence; and the presence of the delightful Pier Angeli, whom Londoners may remember for her recent appearance at the Rialto, adds a fresh touch of naturalness.

The case-book comes out top in an English documentary, *Out of True*. This is an attempt to transmit the terrors of breakdown and the cool medical approach: in fact to allay some of the disturbances of *The Snake Pit*. Unfortunately, the film, which opens very dramatically, rather tails off in compendious treatments: surely no patient was ever, so urbanely, subjected to so many injections and persuasions by voice and drug before? (The part of a suicidal wife, again faced with the mother-in-law spectre, is admirably played by Jane Hylton.) *Out of True* may serve to reassure anyone who is allergic to institutions behind high brick walls, but as a film treatment of its subject it is no more than decently safe. I'm afraid *The Snake Pit* wins in a canter.

Ballerina provides the opportunity of seeing Soviet ballet (devoted, it would seem, to Tchaikovsky), of encountering ideological morals, and regretting the banality into which Soviet films have fallen. The interest and tediousness of this spectacle are companioned by a revival of Renoir's perfect little flowering from Maupassant. Only the second half of *Partie de Campagne* (thanks to a Royal arrival at the other end of the

FIBREGLASS

TRADE MARK

is in the

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

for sound insulation

and absorption

FIBREGLASS LIMITED, RAVENHEAD, ST. HELENS, LANCS. (TELEPHONE: ST. HELENS 4224)

The Hallmark of Quality

Outstanding new records

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and his **SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
Overture, "Hänsel and Gretel"—*Humperdinck* - - - - - DB 21256

PETER PEARS and **BENJAMIN BRITTEN**
"Old American Songs"—The Boatmen's Dance; I bought me a cat; Long time ago; The Dodger; Simple gifts - - DA 7039-9
Auto Couplings only

MENUHIN and **LOUIS KENTNER**
Sonata No. 1 in B Minor—*Bach* - DB 9607-8
Auto Couplings only

JASCHA HEIFETZ with **SIR WILLIAM WALTON** conducting **The Philharmonia Orchestra**
Violin Concerto—*Walton* - DB 21257-9

SCHNABEL
Rhapsody No. 2 in G Minor—*Brahms* DB 6504

HALINA STEFANSKA
Nocturne in C Sharp Minor; Mazurka in C Sharp Minor—*Chopin* - - - C 4082

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDX.

THE purpose of signs is to tell without words. Here is a sign known to connoisseurs since 1742. It stands for a whisky as soft as the dew, with a heart of softly glowing fire. As noble a Scotch as any that ever came from Scotland.

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bottles 35/-, ½-Bottles 18/3, ¼-Bottles 9/6, Miniature Bottles 3/3 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association

town) rewarded my visit to the Continentale, but I was in time for the larks up the river and the wonderful rainstorm. I met, by the way, at the Biarritz festival last year, a young man who modestly admitted to having seen this film eighteen times.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

IT isn't often that the radio critic can complain of too much richness on the air; yet the fact is I cannot easily recall a week so full of interesting and stimulating items. The B.B.C., it is plain, is bent on staging a festival of its own, and, as with all festivals, too many exhibits claim the attention at once. What is one to pick out for comment? Mr. Raymond Raikes's fine production of *Macbeth*? Mr. McWhinnie's production of Gide's *Oedipus*, too packed with thought ever to be quite satisfying, one suspects, when performed on stage or radio? Both call for consideration at length—and there isn't the length. In any case, Shakespeare and Gide will abide our question. I want now to turn to Mr. James Forsyth's new play for broadcasting, *Adelaise*. Mr. Forsyth is one of the more interesting of radio playwrights, and I think *Adelaise* is his most interesting experiment to date. He had an original story to tell, the story of Henry I's second wife. And he had a theme, the theme of fidelity, of the rival claims of fidelity, to husband and to country. What he was writing was romantic tragedy. How far was he successful? If he fell short of his intention it was certainly not the fault of Mr. King Bull's production or of Miss Claire Bloom's touching Adelaise and Mr. Clive Morton's Henry. No; the fault lay in Mr. Forsyth himself. In the first instance, his play was much too long: two and a half hours without interval is really rather more than the listening ear can take: it makes listening a feat of athleticism. And the play was too long mainly, I think, because of Mr. Forsyth's verse. He thinks in terms of dramatic situations and dramatic issues, but his verse is not yet dramatic. It is still too lyrical, and Mr. Forsyth himself still too much at the mercy of delightful imagery that too often turns out to be merely decorative. If he indulged himself less he would please more; and this is worth saying because he is a man with ideas and a sense of style whose work demands serious attention. As it was, *Adelaise* seemed to me the best of Mr. Forsyth's plays that I have heard; it was worth the athleticism it put one to; but how much more effective it would have been if pruned, cut and more disciplined in its language.

In *On Stream*, an account of the erection of the new oil refinery on Southampton Water, West Region gave us an almost model documentary programme which ought to be made available to listeners on the other Home Service wave-lengths. It could, for instance, be heard with profit by the authors of *The Bermondsey Story*, in the Home Service, a programme that made one hour seem like three. Told mainly in the voices of the men actually on the job, *On Stream* presented a most vivid and compact picture of what is plainly a great feat of engineering. If there is such a thing as the poetry of the actual, it was here; and it held one even though one did not know the difference between a cat cracker and a Christmas cracker.

Two out of several very good talks indeed demand notice. Mr. Henry Reed's *Towards "The Cocktail Party,"* a consideration of poetic drama, indeed of drama as a whole, since the contention was that there is no adequate prose drama in English at all, was as provocative a talk as I have ever heard in the Third. It bristled continually with points one wished to take up and argue, and it even managed to include what seemed to me a quite original contribution to Shakespeare criticism. Mr. Frank Gerald's *The Discovery of the Coolgardie Goldfield* was a repeat of a talk first broadcast in 1937, a most convincing evocation of the very fine feel of a gold rush by a man who has taken part in one. It was a tremendous story.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The World of the King," at the Unity Theatre

"The situation was saved—but by very base means." Thus G. M. Trevelyan comments on the crushing of Wat Tyler's rebellion. Mr. Poulsen sees the event differently. He views it as the betrayal by Richard II of the loyal Commons of England. Though few chapters in our history are capable of such thoroughgoing analysis from a Marxist standpoint, the author (perhaps with the Festival in mind), has preferred to write a William Morris morality. This is a drama of unmerrie England, in which boon-work and taskwork, the poll tax and the Game Laws tend to overshadow the mead, the maypole and the nut-brown ale. (We get a good deal of both, however.) The result is a heavy, lumbering drama, an articulate but long-drawn-out village pageant. It contains moments of real theatre and is redeemed by the evident sincerity with which it has been produced and acted. The characterisation is entirely black and white—honest Wat Tyler and the Commons versus a sniggering adolescent and his council of gangster nobles. Here Mr. Poulsen has failed to make full use of his opportunities. The style ranges from "By-the-Rood" English ("Be still, ye bawdy tosspots!") to crude imitations of *Henry V* and Eliot's choruses ("Now England blazes with a thousand flames . . ."). Two scenes stand out: the rebels' council in Rochester Castle and the sermon preached by John Ball at Blackheath on Corpus Christi. The first contains an excellent piece of stage argument, the second achieves nobility through Mr. Colin Pinney's admirable performance as "the mad priest of Kent."

J. N. B. R.

FESTIVAL NOTES

Festival Exhibition of Books, at the Victoria and Albert Museum

This is a most remarkable and impressive exhibition. Some 780 books are on show, mainly in their first editions, to display the course of English writing in its various branches since the invention of printing and before. The earliest exhibit is the tenth-century illuminated manuscript the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold; the most recent include Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand, Animal Farm*, Dr. Sitwell's *The Canticle of the Rose*, Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic* and the *Theory and Practice of Electron Diffraction* of Sir George Thomson and Mr. William Cochrane. In between there is a positive prodigality of riches, including books and manuscripts that can normally be seen only in the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Cambridge University Library and the John Rylands Library; indeed, only the ransacking of the great libraries has made this exhibition possible. To select individual items from such a Tom Tiddler's Ground of bibliophilic treasures would be invidious, but probably no single exhibit will attract more attention than the pages of the original manuscript of Boswell's *London Journal*, lent by Yale University. Conceived with imagination, the exhibition has been carried out with zest and ingenuity. It is admirably, even amusingly, mounted: there will doubtless be queues to squint at the revolving panoramic peepshow illustrating scenes from some of the most famous of children's books. The exhibition must be accounted a triumph for its organiser, Mr. John Hadfield, and its designer, Mr. Hulme Chadwick, and they are to be congratulated on having so brilliantly displayed in terms of the printed page the progress of British genius through close on a thousand years. And the National Book League, which has promoted the exhibition, must not be left out of the congratulations.

W. S.

Sculpture in Battersea Park

If one visits the open-air sculpture exhibition in Battersea Park in the same light-hearted mood as one visits the Fun Fair, intent on being captivated rather than instructed, one will get as much out of it as from a more solemn pilgrimage. One must choose a sunny day and sit back peacefully on a bench. Then all the white monoliths rising out of the grass like ghosts out of tombs, dotted here and there beneath the flowering trees, encircled by blue shadows, reclining on a pedestal or straining to reach the sky, will seem to have been conceived in the same spirit of gaiety as the Festival. This is the way sculpture ought to be seen, from a flattering distance on a spring day, accompanied by the song of birds. It is only on examining the blocks more closely that one becomes aware of their triviality, as when at a party one asks to be introduced to a face that across the room seemed so alluring, but that proves on closer inspection to be conventional, inert, so that one is obliged to escape at once before the wish to appal, or the same inertness, overtakes one. The conventional sculpture can be passed over rapidly; but there are several works that stand up to the most concentrated scrutiny: the Barlach *Woman in a Wind*; the pretty Gill relief of the *Deposition;* the elegant Lehmbruck, the monumental Maillol; the *Docker* by Constantin Meunier (1884), who has stepped out of Zola and the *Orpheus* by Rodin (1892), playing a last poignant note from Debussy.

B. N.

Britten Operas at the Lyric, Hammersmith

With no *Peter Grimes* at Covent Garden, it is an excellent thing that the English Opera Group should be showing off our best composer in a Festival of Britten. *Albert Herring* comes up fresh as new paint, a musical delight from beginning to end. Peter Pears is in splendid voice. Victoria Sladen is a new Lady Billows, carefully studied, but less generous, more shrilly impetuous than her predecessor. Denis Dowling makes a dashing Sid, with an impressive narration, and Tatiana Preston as Miss Wordsworth, flutters most prettily at Bruce Boyce's Vicar (whose fluting *mezza voce* must have delighted Loxford parish-ladies). These roles are all written with such definiteness and personality that so far from being inseparable from particular voices, they are extremely rewarding to fresh impersonators. Continental performances made this clear, and the present season, where old and new are mixed, confirms it. In the *Rape* the only new voice belongs to Harold Williams, rather too block-like a Collatinus but well sung. Nancy Evans's Lucretia was a shade feeble, her first "Goodnight" being off pitch, and the muttered "What do you want?" ineffective; the voice didn't carry down, to tell in low register. Sharp still shambles a bit, and looks as if his clothes are ill-fitting. The rest—Joan Cross, Flora Nielsen (as Bianca), Margaret Ritchie, Pears and Otakar Kraus—are as good as ever. Josef Krips was the conductor (he did it in Salzburg), revealing most expressively the miracles in the score. As for *Let's Make an Opera*, the most supercilious of companions, taken reluctantly, was enchanted, Kaaahed with brio. Who since Purcell, has set our language better? The operas are three masterpieces.

A. P.

Splendid Occasions, at the Arts Council, St. James' Square.

This show of 150 prints, illustrating some of the Royal and Public ceremonies of Europe during four centuries until 1851, is in itself a frolic. It includes, for instance, a superb etching of a pageant in Florence by Callot (No. 119) but also a 20 ft. panorama of the marriage procession of Victoria and Albert; notice as you wind it how the figures in the background all stand up when the Queen passes! The exhibition is divided into sections, each devoted to a particular type of festivity—coronations, balls, fireworks, etc. In one section a perforated print has a light behind it so that its fairy illuminations actually work; in another, among the *pompes funèbres*, there is a most interesting coloured engraving of the funeral of Charles III of Lorraine in 1608. Each of the mourners is drawn in the baroque manner of El Greco but the design is rigidly geometric—almost heraldic. In fact there are two types of ceremony illustrated: the Imperial Display with an Empress or a Louis XIV (*L'état c'est moi*) in the centre of its hierarchic and usually symmetrical design: and the fiesta or wake—when the ranks are broken. One really enjoys the prints of the former because the naive conscientiousness of their artists and their unconvincing detail lend them an air of fabulous absurdity such as the scenes themselves have now acquired for us. The unforeseen accidents delight our puritan consciences.

"But lo the structure's in a flame
The D———l now has played his game."

The prints of the untidy, less official celebrations are livelier in drawing and, of course, more evocative.

DAILY HERALD'S GREAT LITERARY DISCOVERY

BERNARD SHAW

UNPUBLISHED INTIMATE LETTERS

A young girl, passionate, stifled by the conventions of Edwardian society, fell violently in love with London's literary lion—poured out her soul to him in astonishing letters. In return he wrote to her, disclosing himself as only his intimates knew him, on love, marriage and sex. His letters were locked away for years: now they have been discovered in an old bureau in a Devon farmhouse, and the DAILY HERALD has permission to publish them. They are now appearing *exclusively in the*

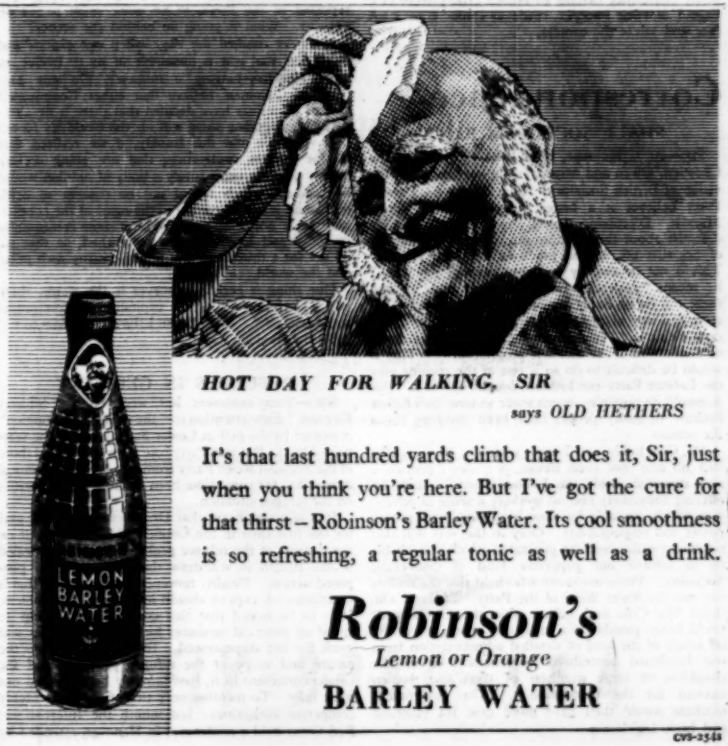
DAILY HERALD

ARMS—and EXPORTS

At the present time re-armament and exports are inseparable. The exporters look to defence to ensure conditions wherein more and still more goods may be made and sold abroad in freedom, while defence looks to the exporters for the wherewithal to buy essential materials. Thus may "guns and butter" be achieved.

The Bank is closely identified with all those schemes which help this twofold plan and to this end provides ample finance and practical guidance.

DISTRICT BANK
LIMITED



HOT DAY FOR WALKING, SIR
says OLD HETHERS

It's that last hundred yards climb that does it, Sir, just when you think you're here. But I've got the cure for that thirst – Robinson's Barley Water. Its cool smoothness is so refreshing, a regular tonic as well as a drink.

Robinson's
Lemon or Orange
BARLEY WATER

CVS-2548

In an aquatint of Bartholomew Fair by Rowlandson there is a giant funfair wheel; no doubt the girls screamed as they now scream on the Big Dipper.

J. B.

Masterpieces of Victorian Photography, at the Victoria and Albert Museum

The photographer adapts reality by deciding where and in what light to intercept the appearance of an object; the painter recreates reality by reconstructing its appearance. Certainly a few photographs have the emotional weight of works of art, but usually one is aware of this basic difference; that a photograph records facts adapted by the photographer's experience; and that a drawing records the experience itself—expressed by the facts. It is, therefore, not surprising that the emotion which most good photographs do evoke is nostalgia. One is presented with the fact (or the idea) which stimulates the appetite for the experience—even though one knows that it is now winter in Sicily, that the girl is dead or the child grown up. Perhaps this explains why, as a layman, I found many of these 500 photographs boring and a few almost intolerably haunting. The Victorian layout of the exhibition is tedious, the catalogue by Helmut Gernsheim fascinating. Obviously the technical limitations of the medium in its early stages were, as is so often the case, an advantage. The photographer was forced to be thoughtful and simple. There were no facile tricks—and no "happy" snapshots! The portraits by Julia Margaret Cameron with their sensuous and mysterious chiaroscura are very moving—especially those of Sir John Herschel, who had a head rather like Einstein's, and of Cyllene Wilson indefinable as Ophelia. I was rather disappointed by the coyness of the Lewis Carrolls. Really, apart from about a dozen pictures, the chief interest of the show is in the light that it throws upon Victorian thought: the deep unaffected respect implied in the portraits of the eminent, the lack of cynicism (or humour?) in the contrived tableaux (Spring Idyll), the classical and formal, rather than sexy, beauty of the one nude, the guilty conscience behind an odious little picture of a ragged crossing sweeper, made to smile all over his face and salute the camera.

J. B.

Correspondence

SHALL SOCIALISM FAIL?

SIR,—As Critic says, it is "the Chapel and the Chartists, Owen and Morris" who have provided the vision of British Socialism. That is why the Labour Party believes it a better vision than the purely Marxist. Discussing Cole's ideas, Critic is frankly defeatist about their realisation. He says "this way of Socialist life is best practised by small groups." This is not necessarily true, but perhaps by "best" he means "easiest." However, if we want it, and there can be no doubt we badly need it, we have got to find a way of practising it in this country. Why does Critic say "it can't be legislated into existence or formulated in an election programme"? That it would be difficult to do so is one of the reasons why the Labour Party has hitherto fought shy of it. But it should be possible—much more so now than before because so many people have been thinking about the subject.

Mr. Cole holds, and I agree with him unreservedly, that no one (not even Bevan, Sir) can "provide a new dynamic inside the Labour Party" except by offering consumers and *all* workers a sense of adventure which can only be done by giving them proper power and responsibility. Only in this way will that necessary enthusiasm be generated which will enable us to achieve our particular kind of democratic Socialism. There are many who hold that the realists are, not the Right Wing of the Party, but those who think like Cole and believe that the Government could fairly quickly do a great deal more by putting off much of the load of detailed administration from our burdened centralised bureaucracy on to the shoulders of large numbers of men and women anxious for the responsibility. The government machine would then have more time for planning and basic legislation.

The only policy which can produce democratic Socialism in this country, and incidentally save the soul of the Labour Party, is one which clearly offers the possibility of initiative to all workers who want it, within a framework of Socialist planning and public (really public) ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Set the people free in fact!

N. F. COGHILL

138 The Grove,
Ealing, W.5.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

SIR,—Mr. Zilliacus' letter bristles with vague generalisations which he does not, perhaps because he cannot, explain. All of us in this country would agree that, if there is any common sense in mankind a "live and let live" agreement should be worked out between the Communist and non-Communist worlds. But do the leaders of Communist Russia desire this, or have they returned to the "all conquering revolution" conception?

If they have, all that Mr. Zilliacus suggests is just appeasement of the worst kind. Are the science and brains of defeated Nazi Germany, thirsting for revenge, behind Russia? Mr. Zilliacus assumes that the United States is not prepared to "live and let live," that she does not consider that the American way of life and the Soviet way of life can exist side by side in the world. If there were any evidence that this is not the Soviet view also, our task would be easier. But if both sides hold the same view, even if Great Britain packed up the Americans bag and baggage and declared her neutrality, it would not necessarily prevent war between the two great protagonists, nor would it even guarantee the immunity of British soil from the horrors of war, as many neutrals have learnt in the last half-century.

Despite so-called "open diplomacy," it is very difficult to discover what prevents some sort of accommodation being reached. Why is it that one after the other our Ministers and Deputy Foreign Ministers—many of them seemingly the most placid and amiable of men—become infuriated beyond control of their tempers in discussing what appear, as reported in the Press, to be quite small points on agendas. What is going on behind the scenes?

Have we reached the stage when our experts and rulers feel that war is inevitable in six or twelve, or more months—barring a miracle? Do our professional diplomats believe that either Communists and/or capitalists have decided that there is no alternative to imposing their will on the world by force?

If we were told this frankly, if we realised that all the endless conferences that are going on are merely marking time, surely a body of opinion would be aroused, which would not be content to drift, but would insist on getting to the heart of the conflict, and would not cease to strive until some compromise on "live and let live" lines is reached, so that we do not for a third time and finally destroy each other and the world.

One thing is certain, whoever is the victor, there will be nothing for either capitalist or Communist to inherit.

CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE

36 Buckingham Gate,
S.W.1.

REFUGEES IN GERMANY

SIR,—Your comment last week on a "Sinister Election" drew attention to "the dangerous situation" indicated by the poll in Lower Saxony, where the seats gained by the Refugee Party rose from 1 to 21 and those of the Socialist Reich Party from 2 to 16. This political danger has for some time been foretold by authorities on the refugee situation.

It is also significant that Dr. Adenauer, taking part for the first time in the Council of Europe, dwelt on the dangers of the refugee problem when he appealed to the British to withdraw their opposition to proposed action. Finally, however, it was agreed that a committee of experts should investigate the problem. It is to be hoped that this committee will help to speed up practical measures for providing homes and work for the dispossessed. Investigations as to the nature and scope of the refugee problem, and the dangers inherent in it, have *already* been carried out most fully. To mention only two of the most highly competent authorities: last month the International Red Cross held a conference in Hanover, attended by 16 national delegations; last month also the report was published (the "Sonne-Report"—named after the Chairman) of the E.C.A. Commission of investigation. It is important also to note that refugee opinion, departing from its usual tendency to bitterness, welcomes this Report and praises the Commission for the "thoroughness of their research into all the hidden corners of refugee misery." Mr. Sonne has "rekindled a spark of hope." The warning however is added that "soap bubble policies" as regards refugees must now be ended or catastrophe will follow (*Stimme der Vertriebenen*, April 22).

Both the E.C.A. Commission and the International Red Cross—and what better authorities could be found?—agree as to the reality of the dangers (moral, social and finally political); they agree that remedial action is most urgent; they agree also that if it is to reach the scale required international aid is a necessity.

The Sonne Report embodies a 6 years' scheme of reconstruction which would cost at least 12.5 milliard DM., far more than West Germany can afford. The question thus arises for us British people: are we prepared to help? It is unfortunate that most of us are unaware how much has already been done by the Bund and the Land Governments, much of it on the lines of the Sonne Report. Milliards of marks have yearly been spent; and an account of efforts made by Governments, private organisations and individuals would fill volumes. We, and other outsiders, rarely recognise the intolerable situation and almost impossible problems created by an influx of 9 million refugees (7.6 "expellees"), most of them penniless, into a war-shattered West Germany suffering from acute poverty, unemployment, and already a housing shortage of nearly 45 per cent.

An able summary of psychological as well as of economic aspects may be found in *The Refugee Problem in Western Germany* by P. J. Bouman, G. Biejer and J. G. Oudegeest (The Hague, 1950). The writers deal with the dangerous inner breakdown too often caused by the loss of all that a man cherishes in his outward life. They give the warning that every day that the distress is continued makes a reasonable solution more difficult. If constructive measures are not taken in time they foresee "a calamitous end to the drama, the birth of a new political radicalism" (to the extreme Right rather than to the Left) and "the tendency to force the solution."

DOROTHY F. BUXTON

Whingate, Peaslake, Surrey.

BLOCKADE OF CHINA

SIR,—It has been publicly laid down that the American objective in Korea is now to kill the maximum possible number of Chinese. Gen. MacArthur amplified the attitude, though perhaps not the policy details, when he said:—

> "A rifle kills a single man, a machine gun kills them by the score; heavy artillery and bombs kill them by thousands, the atomic bomb may destroy them by hundreds of thousands. But when you put your blockade on them and prevent them from getting food . . . you threaten the life of the entire group. A blockade threatens destruction by the millions."

He then proceeded to advocate such a blockade.

Apparently it has not taken very long for genocide, which MacArthur is advocating, to become part of the strategy of the United Nations, a development which the founders of that body can hardly have envisaged. It would be naive to suggest that, if other considerations did not deter them, moral or ethical arguments would operate in the Pentagon to prevent the implementation of the "D.D.T." policy over large parts of China. I think it is a good thing, when we speak of a "United Nations war against aggression," that we should bear in mind exactly what and who we are allied with.

ALEX COMFORT

20 Honor Oak Rd.,
London, S.E.23.

LETTER FROM PEKING

SIR,—Permit us to congratulate you on publishing Professor Cole's article *As a Socialist Sees It* and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's excellent and sane letter. At this juncture of world affairs when the Americans have been frantically trying to dragoon all docile members of the United Nations into their dangerous adventures in East Asia, both Professor Cole's article and Mr.

LOOK IN YOUR SHOES

In this pair of well-worn Sir Herbert Barker Shoes the front of one shoe has been cut away. Photograph shows actual impression of all five toes in correct natural position.

Unless you get a clear impression of all five toes it means that your feet are cramped instead of being free — as nature intended. The consequence will be injury to your feet and general health. Try a pair of Sir Herbert Barker Shoes; you will be amazed at the comfort. People who have suffered untold agony through foot troubles have experienced such relief from wearing Sir Herbert Barker Shoes that they cannot say enough in praise of them.

Sir Herbert Barker Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

NORVIC SHOE CO. LIMITED, DEPT. 8, NORTHAMPTON

From miserable illness to better health!

"GETTING WELL AGAIN"

by G. R. LANE, M.A. (Cantab)

You will find this book invaluable because it tells you how to treat your complaint and how to gain perfect health.

"GETTING WELL AGAIN" is a book that not only tells you the cause of your illness, but also just what to do to obtain the real relief that will assuredly lead to new health and happiness.

"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **Rheumatism relieved.**
"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **Relief of Indigestion.**
"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **Your Nerve Troubles ended.**
"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **An End to Blood Impurities and Skin Troubles**
"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **Your Constipation relieved.**
"GETTING WELL AGAIN" means **Piles successfully treated.**

THOUSANDS HAVE BENEFITED

"Getting Well Again" has done so much for thousands of other sufferers that you should not delay, but send to-day for your copy. It will do just as much for you.

WHAT OTHERS THINK

London.

Dear Mr. Lane,
I am very grateful for your wonderful book, "Getting Well Again." It is worth its weight in gold, as you can well imagine when I tell you I had been an invalid for a long time, and am now perfectly well again.
Yours truly,
(Mrs.) M.W.

"GETTING WELL AGAIN" will be sent to you POST FREE for the modest sum of **6d.** Send now **6d.** in stamps and begin a New Era of Health.

To G. R. LANE, M.A. (Cantab.), Dept. N.N.1., Horton Road, Gloucester.
Please send me a copy of "Getting Well Again," POST FREE, for which I enclose 6d.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

When you walk into a shop . . .

. . . . . you have variety, style and a choice of textile goods—thanks to Wholesale Textile Distribution which gives the retailer the products of many factories, and the range to meet your needs.

DISTRIBUTION WTA WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION FOR THE NATION

is carried out by the members of The Wholesale Textile Association

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION
75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

HOW TO SEE TWICE AS MUCH ON YOUR TRIP TO

South Africa

A choice of two routes to South Africa — by B.O.A.C. or S.A.A. — means that you can go one way, return another, and see *twice* as much! FARE: £167 single, £300.12.0 return.

GO ONE WAY, RETURN ANOTHER

Fly from London to Johannesburg in under 36 hrs. by B.O.A.C. *Hermes* Speedbird via Kano, Brazzaville and Livingstone (for Victoria Falls). 3 flights weekly.

Or fly by South African Airways *Constellation* to Johannesburg in under 36 hrs. via Rome, Lydda and Nairobi. 3 flights weekly.

Hermes and *Constellation* aircraft are both pressurized for smooth high-altitude flying. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No tips or extras.

Consult your Travel Agent or B.O.A.C.: Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or Regent St., W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

FLY BY B·O·A·C AND S·A·A

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

Hamilton Fyfe's letter show that British foreign policy has given rise to great concern amongst a large part of the thinking population in your country. It is indeed a tragic thing to watch the British Government being led by the nose by the Truman Administration in their relations with the Chinese People's Republic, in spite of all superficial professions to the contrary.

At one time or another all of us have lived and studied in Great Britain and we love the people amidst whom we have spent many happy years. We would of course deplore what Professor Cole and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe dreaded as the prospect of conflict between the Chinese and British people, with whom we have no quarrel but who will nevertheless be forced into such an unfortunate position if Whitehall's present foreign policy of lining up behind the Americans in Asia remains unchanged. It is a matter of the utmost regret that at practically every turn of American expansion in the East, Great Britain should have been found a junior partner of Wall Street sinning against the Chinese people. Whichever way you look at it, British troops are still taking part in military operations in Korea directly threatening the security of our country. And we were shocked to learn that the wild talks of atom-bombing Chinese cities not infrequently heard in American official circles have found their echo in the House of Commons. How can normal relations develop between the two countries when the British Government continue aiding and abetting the Americans in their ever increasingly criminal deeds against China?

Mr. Attlee has more than once declared that he recognised "the stark facts" of the Chinese situation, but we fear such recognition is restricted to the fact that there is now in existence a strong and stable China. He utterly fails to recognise the equally important fact that association with American acts of aggression in Korea and endorsement of American moves in detaching Taiwan from China condemn Britain as also a foe of the Chinese people. These are the things that have prevented the establishment of normal relations between our two countries. The folly of this aspect of British foreign policy has often been pointed out in your admirable journal and we wish, as friends of the British people, to add our voice to the warning vividly expressed by Professor Cole and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe.

There is yet another question which we believe is likely to disturb the relations between the Chinese and British peoples, if the United States succeeds again in bringing the British Government to toe what we must consider the imperialist line. We refer to the American rearmament of Japan through a separate peace treaty. Unless you have been a victim of Japanese militarism like the Chinese people, condemned to eight years of untold sufferings, it would be difficult to imagine the sort of hatred that remilitarisation of Japan arouses in the hearts of the Chinese people, particularly when a rearmed Japan is in the hands of a Government ready at the first opportunity to push its armed forces towards the Chinese borders. Can anyone therefore challenge the right of the Chinese people to prevent the Americans from carrying out their sinister scheme?

The British people would serve the cause of peace by protesting against rearming Japan. The Japanese question deserves their attention as much as the re-Nazification of the Bonn regime.

CHEN TI-CHIANG	CHIANG KWEI-NUNG
FANG CHU-CHENG	HSU KUO-CHANG
TING TSE-LIANG	WANG SHAO-FANG
WANG TSO-LIANG	

Tsinghua University, Peking.

[This letter is referred to in London Diary.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

FREEDOM IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

SIR,—Mr. Lunn will win every time because of his masterly use of what Schopenhauer called "the lady's argument." It runs like this. When the husband complains that the soup is cold, the wife replies indignantly: "Well, do you want your mouth burnt?" When anyone criticises Mr. Lunn's beliefs, he fires up and says, "Well, do you want a slave-state?" By some expert juggling with false contraries, false alternatives, false identities, Mr. Lunn now arrives at his amazing conclusion that "the opposite number" of Mr. Blanshard is Father Coughlin.

He is puzzled why Liberals (giving this word its widest meaning) have often been less censorious of Communist than of Nazi lawlessness. Nor can he understand why Mr. Blanshard, who has criticised the Catholic Church, should be listened to seriously, while Father Coughlin, who attacked the Jewish people on the American wireless, is scorned.

Perhaps the simplest explanation is that the Liberal accepts the conflict of ideas as a real one but sees no basis to-day for a conflict of races. Father Coughlin is not interested in ideas. He does not claim that the Jews are united by any body of dogmatic belief, which is dangerous to democracy. He quotes no Rabbis. His anti-Semitism is the usual vulgar blend of racial prejudice and xenophobia. There is no analogy with Mr. Blanshard, who based his criticism of Catholic policy on the published utterances of its ministers.

Mr. Lunn now seems to imply that anti-Semitism in the person of Father Coughlin was "condemned" by the Church. Yet in a recent book he admits that he was neither censured nor silenced. It was feared, Mr. Lunn wrote, that Father Coughlin "might leave the Church and start a new schism." In fact, Father Coughlin and his like are the price that the Catholic Church must pay for its unity. A Liberal would consider it too heavy. Is there a Liberal Party in the world which has not excommunicated anti-Semites?

A Liberal cannot, as Mr. Lunn does, equate the tragedy of Communist Russia with the tragedy of Nazi Germany. The writer of *Das Kapital* was a rationalist, not a racialist. However unsound his arguments, his disciples, till they formally reject Marx, will not appear beyond the reach of reason. On the other hand, *Mein Kampf* was written in conscious revolt from all the intellectual movements of the day; the Nazis glorified race above reason. The distinction is clear. In the one case reason went pitifully astray; in the other case it was exultantly repudiated.

In the book of Mr. Lunn from which I quoted there was one sentence for which a "non-Catholic" Irishman can never forgive him. "I held out hopes" (to the Irish), he wrote, "that England would lead a Catholic crusade once Germany had been beaten, but only on condition that Eire joined in."

I have met fanatics who fished in troubled waters, but Mr. Lunn went one better. He openly admitted his hopes for a mighty storm, which would submerge all other craft but his own. HUBERT BUTLER

Kilkenny, Ireland.

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—Let me now put the case for the Women's Magazines as somebody who does at least count in the matter—a woman who buys them and loves them. Note that I have no politics, or at least they do not enter into the question. I was born in the poorest quarter of Montmartre, the daughter of a French workman, but coming to London married an Old Etonian. I could not, therefore, if I tried, be class conscious. I am, not merely but *importantly*, a woman in all that this word implies. I run a house and cook the meals. I am a mother who brought up my boy child without a maid or a nurse. I knit. I iron. I sew my own lingerie and my own dresses. I write, but no part of my writing seeks an income from magazines. I come to the witness box simply and wholly as a woman reader.

I experience an actual need in the middle (or the end) of a hard week to relax with a magazine that puts my womanly viewpoint always first. Men are apt to think that everything they do is important whereas everything a womanly woman does is unimportant. It is important for a man to buy his tin of pipe tobacco, but a lipstick refill is much more important to me. Nobody would argue about such an obvious fact. May we not therefore concede that the editors who run our great women's magazines know what they are doing, and that the millions of women who delight in them are just as intelligent as the men, but with a different sense of values. The city banker who cuddles himself up in a corner seat of a train carriage to do the crossword puzzle in *The Times* has no claims to greater intelligence than I who want to discover how a new fabric reacts to the iron. Complications arise when one sex tries to criticise the other, or what is more dangerous, when a woman of masculine mind condemns the millions of her sex who are predominantly feminine.

Two more points, please—about fashion articles and fiction.

I was very poor as a girl, but the models of the great fashion houses filled me with interest and delight. No real woman sneers at a dress because it is above her means. The feminine in her is at home with materials and cut as presumably a boy is with a cricket bat. Class jealousy here simply could not exist. For a woman not to be supremely interested in clothes is tantamount to a man not being interested in manly occupations like motor cars, electrical equipment and wars.

Finally this question of fiction. Love pays a far more important role in a woman's life than in a man's. It is almost (together with kindness and pity) our sole *raison d'être*. God would never have created us to be second rate men. Therefore, though this may shock the more intellectual of my sex, love is more important to us than anything else in a story. And let those who sneer at it not turn to writing fiction for women's magazines.

2 Carrington House, MADELEINE HENREY

Hertford Street, W.1.

FAITH AND MORALS

SIR,—The Irish Embassy in London has drawn my attention to the fact that the infantile death rate in Ireland was 53 per thousand in 1949 and the estimated figure for 1950 is 45 per thousand. I am glad to accept these figures which are only double those of Great Britain. These are subsequent to the figures to which W.H.O. drew attention last year and which showed that Ireland, alone among the countries in Europe, had failed to reduce the 1900 death rates below the 50 per cent. line. I did not apply the phrase "worst in Europe" to Ireland's infantile *death-rate* but to her *record*, which Dr. Browne was trying to redeem. The later figures modify that but they are still deplorable. RITCHIE CALDER

HOFFMANN

a selection of his rare and neglected tales
edited by J. M. COHEN

"More exciting than Poe" TIME & TIDE

illustrated with numerous fine drawings by Gavarni.

TALES FROM HOFFMANN

16s.

The Art of Being a Woman

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

"Sane, realistic and humorous"
Honor Croome in THE SPECTATOR

7s 6d

WALTER G. BELL

his unique books on London will be available again in a fine uniform edition on 24th May. A full prospectus is available from The Bodley Head, 28 Little Russell Street, W.C.1

UNKNOWN LONDON
THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON
THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON
each 25s

THE BODLEY HEAD

Books in General

SOME years before the war, Dr. Wilson, a young professor of psychology, was sent to do a piece of research into the relation of drug addiction and crime in a large American prison. He has now written a diverting impression of his experience, a book which is often deeply comic in the best sense, for under the farce there is humanity and gravity. *My Six Convicts** is not indeed a scientific document, for Dr. Wilson has the artist's gift of improving on his material and it was probably this gift which made him the match of the convicts' trained wits; but for those interested in prison reform and the treatment of criminals, the book does contain a good slice of statistical and comparative commentary on the American prison system, a passionate, hard-headed plea for rehabilitation and a scathing exposure of the incompetence of uplift on the one hand or revenge on the other. This is valuable and convincing; but the real interest lies in the changing portraits of the six convicts whom he converted into research workers and their gingerly taken steps on the painful and awe-inspiring path of experiment and virtue. The criminal, as Dr. Wilson says, always chose the hard way. Whether psychology worked its plausible conjuring trick on his team successfully in the end, we may wonder—the doctor, a hardened sceptic, has some reason for hope—but we do know that the wary subjects were devoted to the Doctor who was, to their astonishment, altering them. So devoted that they could never quite overcome a lingering regret that a man as good as he was should be a sucker and go straight. When his term—so different from theirs—came to an end, their natural vanity in their skills and compulsions could not be restrained: they presented him with a brand new stolen car when he left. And it is hard to know whether they were seriously abashed by his refusal or whether they were just showing him that they always had one more throw in the battle of wits.

Two principles were vital in the conduct of the prison psychologist: never to show fear and never to pass on information to the authorities. The prisoners continually tested the doctor on these two points and their ingenuity was silent, endless and fantastic. They put a loaded revolver in his table drawer as a warning and also to see whether he would report it; they fixed a microphone inside his desk so that they could check his conversations; they went through all his private papers; they unlocked all safes, files and drawers with ease and arranged for his flat in the town to be thoroughly searched. Even the carpets were taken up. Impossible to question the "patients" directly about these things; anything in the shape of a direct inquiry made them "dummy up" and, to them, indicated vestiges of hostility and stupidity. Dr. Wilson found the only thing to do was to put himself entirely in their hands and to adapt himself to the tedious, elaborate indirection of their minds.

On his side, he had always the advantage of being able to play on their enormous vanity. He picked Connie, the brain of the prison and one of nature's showmen and contact-men, for his chief assistant; and this piqued Punch Pinero, a small-time gangster, a cruel and smiling thug, who quickly wanted to join in to see what Connie had got that he hadn't got:

> Punch's I.Q. was higher than Connie's, but because he lacked Connie's emotional stability to see him through a crisis his brightness only led him into trouble. Punch operated exclusively on two emotional levels; at dizzy heights and in abysmal depths. . . . A word, a criticism, a personal slight, a blow to his vanity and Punch would fall to the six-year-old level. . . . Punch was abnormally high in dominance and aggression. He left Connie far behind in these qualities . . . this meant that Punch got what he wanted by force, while Connie used his wits . . . Connie could talk his way out of a tight corner. Punch let his gun talk for him . . . he had always carried two: one on his hip and one in a shoulder-holster. Gangsters are frequenty babies about pain and danger. What makes them brave is their gang and their guns.

Life was a side-show to Connie. He was self-sufficient and resourceful, happy-go-lucky. It paid to keep in with him. He could get a man out of trouble—or into it. There is something irresistible in this clever, clowning man with his unsteady Adam's apple—which he always managed to nick every morning when he was shaving—and whose wits were never lacking. The high moment of Connie's career came in Dr. Wilson's second year when Connie, as an expert safe-cracker, was sent under guard into town to open the door of a jammed safe in a bank. This is one of two or three fantastic episodes in the book where Dr. Wilson has let himself go and has made an excellent and pleasantly unbelievable story. We can see Connie revelling when the "tools" he sends for are brought in by an old lag in the town, and exploiting all the nervous reactions of the bank manager and cashiers; we can see Connie's wonderful blow-out, afterwards, of three kinds of oysters, and his apparently meaningless happy wanderings about the city which puzzled the Guard. Connie was quite clearly "casing" several likely "joints." But Connie in the department store is pure O'Henry, and not, I suspect, pure science. Reproved by the Guard for shop-lifting as they went along, Connie paid for the goods with stolen money and took his revenge by taking the Guard to the shop manager and saying the Guard had stolen goods in his pocket. When the Guard felt his pockets, he found an assortment of lingerie had been slipped into them.

Connie and Punch Pinero had been attracted to the job of assisting the Doctor, by the device of putting them in charge of the intelligence tests given to new prisoners. The language, the long words of psychology awed and delighted them. They became the snobs of the prison. They quickly learned to turn their streams of bad language into a deadlier abstract. To these two masterful knockabouts Dr. Wilson added a grave car thief called Gibbs—a moral man who used to sigh with melancholy because "crime paid": he wished it didn't; a forger called Ross and a remarkable counterfeiter called King. The case history of King is deeply interesting, and though once again one suspects Dr. Wilson of carrying his speculations on King to the edge of vivid plausibility, the case or the allegory—whichever it is—is astonishing. King was the intellectual and æsthete of the group, contemptuous of the others, cold, silent and reserved. His indifference was disturbed by only one other prisoner, a troublesome convict called Davis, a sadistic killer who drifted back and forth on the edge of madness. In Davis, it is suggested, King intuitively recognised, almost hysterically, a potential self. King was an artist by nature with a profound taste for luxury and beautiful things. He had made large sums by counterfeiting, had a suite in a New York hotel and in it he kept a beautiful girl who was not, however, his mistress. (It is a general rule that the criminal is undersexed.) She was admired as a beautiful object, an idealisation; and to remind her of what would happen if, while he was in prison, she was unfaithful to him, he had a picture with its face turned to the wall hung in his suite. The Doctor who, at King's request, visited the flat and heard his story from the girl, was shown the picture. It was an exquisitely executed model of a beautiful woman who had been horribly mutilated.

The pieces of King's case may seem to fit all too neatly into place as psychologists' stories commonly do; one tends to judge a case favourably when the pieces are small or fine and approach the delicacy of art. Minuteness, at any rate, is the virtue of Dr. Wilson's evidence and one is more than half inclined to accept his hopeful view of King's case though it reads like a magazine story.

There are two other strange stories in the book. One is the analysis of a case of heart trouble. Under hypnosis the patient re-enacted a scene in which he had planted a murder on an accomplice; the illness was an attempt to conceal or transpose the burden of guilt. The second case is of an oriental prisoner with an Oxford accent, a kind of medicine man and fair ground astrologer, who was a hypnotist of tremendous powers. His activities are so suavely breath-taking that my self-respect obliges me to mark this case "O'Henry plus"; but no doubt I am a child in the wisdom of the East. I have mentioned these elaborate stories because they are gripping and absorbing, and with no intention of suggesting that Dr. Wilson's reminiscences are total fiction, but simply that he has remembered with art. The main part of his book is a most convincing and impressive picture of criminal character and, from that point of view, it is one of the most enthralling, I have read for a long time, though it is written in the prose of a very mixed committee.

The Doctor, indeed, is the most formidable character in his own book. He is the god who manipulates, who bides his time, who has always one more argument when the prisoner outbids him. That argument is maturity. For the doctor is grown up, and the criminal has not grown up. Punch Pinero was awed when he heard Abraham Lincoln had had a bigger funeral than any gangster; he was angry and dangerous when, having saved the Doctor's life in a prison riot, he got only passing gratitude. He had saved the doctor cynically at the cost of

* *My Six Convicts.* By Donald Powell Wilson. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

another official's life, and he threatened to wreck Dr. Wilson's records and three years work because he was so upset. This was a decisive crisis in Pinero's "cure." Pinero found all the group willing to fight to the death—and literally to the death—against his destructiveness. Even Pinero was humbled by group opinion. He sulked when public opinion opposed him, couldn't bear the mockery of the rest of the prison and had learned enough in three years to come back peaceably after a few weeks. Civilisation was better than the wilderness. Possibly, because he is in the dominant position and knows the next move, Dr. Wilson is too right. But his experience is rich and irresistible. V. S. PRITCHETT

THE MIRAGE

No, I have seen the mirage tremble, seen how thin
The veil stretched over apparent time and space
To make the habitable earth, the enclosed garden.

I saw on a bare hill-side an ash-tree stand
And all its intricate branches suddenly
Failed, as I gazed, to be a tree,
And road and hill-side failed to make a world.
Hill, tree, sky, distance, only seemed to be
And I saw nothing I could give a name,
Not any name known to the heart.

What failed? The retina received
The differing waves of light, or rays of darkness,
Eyes, hands, all senses brought me
Messages that life-long I had believed.
Appearances that once composed reality
Here turned to dust, to mist, to motes in the eye,
Or like a reflection broken on a pool
The unrelated visual fragments foundered
On a commotion of those deeps
Where earth floats safe, when waves are still.

The living instrument
When fingers gently touch the strings,
Or when a quiet wind
Blows through the reed, makes music of birds,
Song, words, the human voice.
Too strong a blast from outer space,
A blow too heavy, breaks and silences
The singer and the song;
A grief too violent
Wrecks the image of the world, on waves whose amplitude
Beats beyond the compass of the heart.

The waves subside, the image reassembles;
There was a tree once more, hills, and the world.
But I have seen
The emptiness of air
Ready to swallow up the bird in its flight,
Or note of music, or winged word, the void
That traps the rabbit on cropped turf, as in a snare,
Lies at the heart of the wren's warm living eggs,
In pollen-dust of summer flowers, opens
Within the smallest seed of grass, the abyss
That now and always underlies the hills.

How, when young birds flutter to my window
Seeking for crumbs of the bread of life, how
When the snowdrops break the snow,
And when the tree
That I have seen empty of all being
Puts forth new leaves, shall I receive the spring,
How receive the glancing green
And rippling waters of the mountain stream?

Since I must wake or sleep so soon
From the illusion of this world
That once I took for solid ground
Where I might build my house, I bless
The fiat that in nothingness
Has woven of a stuff so fine
No sense can touch its radiant skein
An earth that seems.

KATHLEEN RAINE

MR. PRIESTLEY AND THE COMIC NOVEL

Festival at Farbridge. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Mr. Priestley's new novel is long, scarcely shorter, I would say, than *The Good Companions*, to which at certain points it bears strong resemblance; the *dramatis personae* appended lists no fewer than one hundred and thirty characters. They include, to select almost at random, a group of Communists, a Tory M.P., a columnist on a national newspaper, actors and actresses, a poetic playwright, a dance-band leader, a crooner, a Hollywood star, decayed aristocrats taxed into living in lodge-cottages, a gentleman from the B.B.C., light-alloy manufacturers, municipal officers, a mayor, borough councillors, left-wing schoolmasters and other highbrows who listen to the Third Programme, a bevy of secretaries. The roll is far from complete, but enough to indicate that Mr. Priestley is aiming at representing a sample of English life at the present moment, at producing a contemporary equivalent of the open-road novel of Fielding and Dickens. He has his fun with these characters, but the fun is always good-humoured, even when the victim is the redoubtable Cambridge critic, Mr. Leonard Mortory, the author of *Disavowals, Rejections, Exclusions* and *Refusals*. And through them all, linking them together, move Mr. Priestley's main characters Laura Casey, an unemployed secretary, Theodore Jenks, a young man from Indonesia seeing England for the first time, and Commodore Tribe, an ageing adventurer; they compose the self-appointed organising committee of the Farbridge festival that goes into battle against the forces of dreariness and stinginess.

The obvious comparison is with *The Good Companions*, and it must be said that by comparison with that book, whether one admires it or not, *Festival at Farbridge* falls very short. Reading *The Good Companions* to-day, one sees it as the half-wistful expression of a young man's dream. Its very date is significant: 1929, and Jess Oakroyd, sacked without warning, tears up his unemployment insurance card and takes to the road. His pilgrimage, and the novel itself, represent a dream of freedom that can never be realised, and Mr. Priestley's own romanticism chimed with the romanticism, inhibited, wistful, of his hundreds of thousands of readers: they read the book, as perhaps he wrote it, hoping against hope that "it might be so." In a sense, *The Good Companions* was Mr. Priestley's *Treasure Island*, but whereas Stevenson was looking for pirates Mr. Priestley was looking for Dickens. *The Good Companions* is not, I think, a very good novel; as one sees if one sets it beside an earlier novel that expresses a similar dream, Wells's *Mr. Polly*; but it is still readable because of its romanticism. Compared with it, *Festival at Farbridge* seems to me to lack an equivalent dynamic. It is not a question of the quality of the writing or the characterisation: Mr. Priestley is a born writer if ever there was one, and though his young people are no better than they ever were—Laura Casey and Theodore Jenks are sticks in the honourable tradition of Nicholas Nickleby—he can still dash you off in a few strokes any number of amusing flat characters, Commodore Tribe, for instance, or A. Smith, the private enquiry agent. No; what is at fault is his criticism of life. It simply isn't adequate, and because it is not adequate it never galvanises his flat characters into the symbolic life they ought to possess, that Dickens's possess, or makes one feel that his enormous gallery of types can stand for the England of 1951 as, say, those of *Peregrine Pickle* did for the England of 1751.

For what is Mr. Priestley's criticism of England in *Festival at Farbridge*? That life is drab and without colour; that people ought to have more *fun*. Fun: the word crops up again and again. But asserting that people ought to have more fun doesn't of itself produce the illusion of fun; and it is worth noticing that Mr. Priestley is much more convincing when moved by indignation, as in the London scenes in the first part of the book, than when urging us to fun. Then he reminds one of nothing so much as the puzzled uncle at a children's party where the children refuse to play the games he played as a boy. "But it's *fun*!" you seem to hear him shouting: "Cowboys and Indians is *no end* fun!"—and the children go on being absorbed with their scale models of tractors and petrol pumps and Jaguars.

Mr. Priestley seems to remain obstinately the victim of his own curious misreading of the nature of comedy—curious because while still a young man he wrote the best critical studies of Peacock and Meredith we have. In his dedicatory letter to his new novel he writes: "I have returned . . . to the old comic tradition of story-telling, which is not dead yet though it is out of fashion just now." One can only say: He thinks he has returned to it, the tradition that can be summed up in the names Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, Wells. It is a tradition that calls for continual invention on the part of the writer, and this Mr. Priestley has. But it calls for much else. Comedy springs out of tension, the tension between contrasts. Its laughter is astonished laughter, in a sense unnatural laughter. Take Fielding (though Smollett in this respect is very close to him). What is his great theme but power and the misuse of power, power irresponsibly and arbitrarily exercised at all levels? Power shown persecuting the innocent, the inoffensive, the good, Parson Andrews, Sophia, Tom Jones. In Fielding there is a further contrast, that of the author's urbane, truly civilised style and the brutal material he is describing. Dickens is a slightly different case, for the background of his comedy is not so much brutality as nightmare. Yet the contrast is there all the same, the contrast between the evil and the comedy made out of it, between the nightmare and the laughter, between two such characters, moving within a few pages of each other, as Krook and Mr. Turveydrop.

Now it is true that the great novels in the comic tradition contain fun, and high spirits. They are not the most important things about them, but it is exactly these that Mr. Priestley has abstracted from the comic tradition and tried to make equivalent to the whole tradition. It is as though one were to take *Nicholas Nickleby* and insist that the virtue of that book resided in the Crummles family alone. Mr. Priestley, one says it with regret—for he has so many of the qualities of the great comic writer if only he will use them—has substituted the part, and the less important part at that, for the whole. WALTER ALLEN

MINE AND THINE

Private Property: The History of an Idea. By RICHARD SCHLATTER. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Heavens on Earth. By MARK HOLLOWAY. *Turnstile Press.* 16*s.*

According to economic interpretations of history, government is essentially class government, and the theory of government is thus in large measure a theory of property. The argument has two parts. First, any organised community must establish a principle of ownership, for it may neither lay down a scale of rights and duties nor a system of justice until it has cast the balance between the *meum* and *teum*. Secondly, the principle of ownership decisively determines the general nature of the society: its rights, duties, justice, its rewards and its penalties, are designed to protect the dominant form of property. Professor Schlatter's purpose, in this scholarly and valuable book, is to use the theory of property as a key to Western politics, from Plato to our own time.

In isolating one theme from the great body of political philosophy, the assumption is that it is the central theme, and that the struggle over the ownership of property, both on the plane of ideas and the plane of action, is the impetus of history. The point is familiar, and Mr. Schlatter does not labour it with crude analysis. On the contrary, in the frame of a comparatively short book, he skilfully shuttles his theme through the vast warp

Harrap May Selections

CALCULATED RISK
GENERAL MARK CLARK

Informal yet informative memoirs of the cloak-and-dagger operations in North Africa, the campaigns in Sicily and Italy, and post-war problems in Austria, by the present Chief of the U.S. Field Forces.

Fully illustrated. *22/6 net.*

ALWAYS TOMORROW
JOHN F. LEEMING

A light-hearted account of life among famous British generals as prisoners of war in Italy. With 11 half-tone plates and two maps. "The funniest war story of all"—SUNDAY GRAPHIC. *12/6 net.*

THE FIGHT FOR THE ASHES, 1950-51
A. G. MOYES

The latest Test series as seen by a distinguished Australian critic and New South Wales selector. Results and statistics in full; fully illustrated; foreword by Sir Pelham Warner. *12/6 net.*

THE STRONG DELUSION
JAMES LEASOR

An outstanding first novel by a prominent Fleet Street personality. Set in post-war Jamaica the story centres around the career and adventures of a mediocrity hag-ridden with the consequences, both real and imaginary, of the one wrong action he ever did. *10/6 net.*

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD

Published today

MY SIX CONVICTS
DONALD POWELL WILSON

The astonishing experience of a doctor in prison, where his medical assistants included a gangster, car thief, forger, coiner and a safe-blower. *15s. net*

The Art of Graham Greene
KENNETH ALLOTT and MIRIAM FARRIS

The first analysis of Mr. Greene's notable contribution to English literature. *15s. net*

Best-sellers

World Within World
Autobiography of
STEPHEN SPENDER *15s. net*

MacArthur
Japan, Korea and the Far East
JOHN GUNTHER *12s. 6d. net*

Of Former Love
Remarkable first novel by
EMMA LAIRD *12s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

Shakespeare Survey 4
EDITED BY
ALLARDYCE NICOLL

The fourth volume of this international year-book ranges wide—from a survey of Shakespeare criticism since 1900 to an essay on tradition and style in the modern theatre by John Gielgud, from a discussion of the structure of the Globe Theatre to a critical review of recent productions of the comedies. There are the usual international notes and reviews of the year's books. *Fourteen plates.* *12s. 6d. net*

Palace of Industry 1851
C. R. FAY

An illustrated study of the Great Exhibition and its fruits, showing how they illustrate the economic and social achievement of mid-Victorian England. *Ready next month.* *16 plates and 12 drawings.* *15s. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

KENNETH WALKER
VENTURE WITH IDEAS

Kenneth Walker was one of the small following to whom Ouspensky imparted the system of knowledge he had learned from Gurdjieff. These two remarkable men are the subject of his book.

10s. 6d. *net*

RICHARD MALLETT
LITERARY UPSHOTS
or, Split Reading

Twenty-nine examples of literary disrespect — parodies, burlesques, and essays in neglected forms — by the author of *Amos Intolerable.*

May 21st 7s. 6d. *net*

The Essential T. E. LAWRENCE

'This is much more than a Lawrence anthology. It is, in effect, his autobiography, pieced together with masterly skill by his friend David Garnett. It is no legendary figure which emerges from this self-portrait in mosaic. It is a restless, wry-humoured, neurotic but magnificently vital human being . . . An amazing case-book of genius.'
SUNDAY TIMES

other 'ESSENTIAL' *books*

The Essential
HEMINGWAY
JAMES JOYCE
SAMUEL BUTLER
NEVILLE CARDUS
RICHARD JEFFERIES
MARY WEBB
each 12s. 6d. *net*

and

The Essential UNCLE REMUS
10s. 6d. *net*

We are for the Dark
SIX GHOST STORIES BY
ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD
author of *The Beautiful Visit*
AND ROBERT AICKMAN
10s. 6d. *net*

★

Ever Thine
the long new novel by
HESTER CHAPMAN
has been reprinted. 15s. *net*

★

Selected Stories
by
MARTIN ARMSTRONG
May 21st 10s. 6d. *net*

★

JONATHAN CAPE

of European political ideas. The classical thinkers are here because they defined the problem in terms we still employ. Is property "natural" or "conventional" and how should it be distributed? Are men by nature equal and should property be held equally or in common? If men are unequal by nature, is their inequality the criterion by which property is distributed, or is the unequal division of property the criterion of their inequality? Such questions echo over two thousand years. And if Plato and Aristotle say little about the relation between ownership and work, it is because this issue was hardly relevant in a society where masters owned and slaves worked, and where even ideal Communism was an ideal community of property among masters.

But this issue is important where wealth is the product of personal effort and enterprise, and the result is, first, John Locke, and then the labour theory of value. Before 1690, as Mr. Schlatter rightly points out, "no one understood that a man had a natural right to property created by his labour; after 1690, the idea came to be an axiom of social science." For a time this doctrine admirably served the turn of an emergent bourgeoisie. But, as conservatives later came to see, it became a fatal chink in the armour that Locke had forged for the successful middle class. It not only provided a point of entry for the propaganda shafts of the pre-Marxist Socialists: it also gave Marx himself a moral case against the capitalists who deprived men of the fruits of their labour. With this he could buttress the colder argument that capitalism must collapse of its own contradictions.

All this, ultimately, meant the collapse of a theory of property based upon natural rights. Even in Locke's day, it had had subversive implications, especially for landowners. In our time, it is useless for the defence of private ownership. The logic of Locke ends in the Soviet Constitution of 1936, which embodies the classical theory in its guarantees that the product of labour belongs, collectively, to those who labour; that reward is proportionate to effort; and that personal property acquired by labour is inalienable. Private ownership, in capitalist countries, to-day requires a different philosophic defence: the argument from liberty. After 1917, Communism was attacked as destructive of Property. That indictment has lost its bite in modern Europe. It is now attacked as destructive of Liberty. The conservative, with Professor Hayek, must argue that private ownership is the necessary foundation for human liberty and that collective ownership, which denies liberty, is intolerable.

Professor Schlatter's fascinating essay provides the context for Mr. Holloway's study. Is the private ownership of property the source of the social evils, of injustice, tyranny and poverty? Then away with it. Is it too powerful to overthrow? Then escape it, and return to the happy state of natural man. And where else but in the virgin land of America, unspoilt by man and his tainted institution of private property? This is the story of the unhappy optimists who created the series of utopian communities in America between 1680 and 1880, experiments marked by failure, folly and sometimes severe suffering, and yet sufficiently full of promise to have attracted more than one hundred thousand pioneers to the hundred settlements established during the nineteenth century alone.

A substantial number of the utopian settlers were religious fugitives. Europe, at the turn of the seventeenth century, was not a congenial place for Anabaptists, Millenialists and other Primitive Christian sects. America offered them a site where their peculiar deviations would be unmolested by a jealous established church or by neighbours with the intolerance of the orthodox. It made the same appeal, later, to the Shakers, Rappites and Zoarites. If, as the population grew, persecution began again, they could always move on to the frontier and the West. Some of these settlements were ludicrous and dismal ventures; some lasted while the original group held together, disintegrating when the younger generation grew up, when total failure ensued, or when, with prosperity, the desire for private ownership and profit triumphed over Communist principle; a few endured. The Amana Community in Iowa, for instance, still survives. A strict spiritual discipline binds its members. It has made a sensible accommodation with the outside world. It is wealthy, and the 1,400 people in its seven villages seem dignified and happy.

The success of Amana, settled by Inspirationists, underlines one conclusion about the utopian communities. Almost without exception, those that made a go of things were founded by German sectarians. The failures were Owenite, Icarian, Fourierist, for the most part. The non-religious groups were starry-eyed, open to all comers, formed by rebels and men impatient with authority, and their leaders were blinded by an optimistic faith that changes in environment would rapidly change the nature of men. For them, Communism was an end in itself, while for the sectarians it was a means to the end of salvation—an important sanction which helped cement the sectarian communities.

Mr. Holloway tells this story in an entertaining fashion. But he does not neglect the achievements even of the communities that failed. At worst, they were harmless to others. At best, they produced high standards of living and craftsmanship; they were pioneers in agricultural methods, in Negro and female emancipation, in local democracy, in education and social reform, and in eugenics. Above all, when given a fair chance, the utopians proved that common ownership and associative labour could be successful. Most of them were bound to fail, for once the pioneer stage was passed, they were swept up in the surge of American economic expansion which, to the younger members at least, offered rewards and opportunities beyond those of the communities. Mr. Holloway's book is well documented and popularly written. It lacks the encyclopædic compass of the classics in this field. It dismisses the Mormons too arbitrarily. And it could, with profit, have explored further the impact of the communities upon various aspects of American life. But within its limits it provides an admirable introduction to a curious and not unimportant stanza of the American epic.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE LIFE OF SOCIETIES

Social Evolution. By V. GORDON CHILDE. *Watts.* 10s. 6d.

One of the proper studies of mankind, and one apt to arouse a certain self-admiration, is of man as a systematiser. Who can fail to honour the powerful minds which have surveyed the welter of being both in time and space and imposed order upon it? Such men as Bouffon, Linnaeus, Lyell and Montelius have contrived to draw boundaries upon the Earth's enormous processes. The eighteenth-century zoologists classified living species, and assigned them a hieratic order; the nineteenth-century geologists justified them by showing that a comparable progress from lower to higher forms had in fact taken place in the course of time. So the material was made ready for Darwin.

Methods suitable for dealing with biological facts were dangerous when transferred to human affairs. Herbert Spencer was among the first to make an analogy between Organism and Society and to found a belief that human societies evolved along one naturally predetermined line; Tylor stated it unambiguously when he wrote "Human institutions, like stratified rocks, succeed each other in series substantially uniform over the Globe." This evolutionary school of sociology won extraordinary importance when its doctrines as elaborated by Lewis Morgan were incorporated by Marx and Engels in their materialist interpretation of history.

Geology supported the zoological hierarchy by proving its historicity, and archæology has now made it possible to discover whether there is similar historical justification for the theory of uniform social evolution. Professor Gordon Childe has long been the sole prehistorian with both the ability and the will to draw his subject from its rustic and academic backwaters and make it contribute to the main streams of thought. In *Social Evolution*, based on lectures given under the auspices of the Rationalist Press Association, he surveys the archæological evidence and reaches an uncompromising conclusion that even from his materialistic point of view it does not support the old evolutionists. Largely because of the diffusion of peoples, of cultural traits and of material objects there has been no unilineal progress from phase to phase. Whereas species cannot mingle (the mule, aware of infertility, will, I hope, forgive me) an immigration, an influx of technicians or of trade goods can radically alter the course of social and technological development. Perhaps most of us have assumed that the happy old up-and-up naturalistic faith was dead and in no need of flogging, but it is good to have the evidence against it marshalled with all Professor Childe's skill and exceptional breadth of knowledge. His one positive conclusion, that "the concept of cultural evolution as a rational and intelligible process has been vindicated . . . there is no need to assume supernatural interpositions" is no more likely to set anyone on fire, but may have come as a solace to followers of the Rationalist Press Association.

What does seem strange in a survey of this kind is that it can range so widely and still overlook all that for many of us makes human societies significant. In spite of occasional setbacks, there has been an almost continuous accumulation of technical achievements since the making of the first stone tools, but it has been accompanied by the non-progressive rise and fall of creative cultures with their arts, their intellectual and emotional climates and their special qualities of experience. There is no need to be a disciple of Spengler or Toynbee to feel the insufficiency of

The new detective novel by

NGAIO MARSH

OPENING NIGHT

★ **One of the three** best women detective novelists living

"Her best yet" —MAURICE RICHARDSON

"She is at the top of her form in this back-stage murder mystery" —ERIC GILLETT

"She writes extremely well; her characters are real people" —SPECTATOR

★ **Chosen to celebrate** the Crime Club's 21st Anniversary

9s. 6d.

COLLINS

★

Rupert Croft-Cooke

THREE NAMES FOR NICHOLAS

"The author beautifully balances his story on two planes, the campaign of the Army and the spiritual struggle of Nicholas in search of a new Christianity. It is writing of depth and distinction. Mr. Croft-Cooke's hand never falters in this moving novel." LIONEL HALE (*The Observer*). 9s. 6d.

Mazo de la Roche

POSSESSION

This study of Canadian rural life is the first published novel of Mazo de la Roche. "It is a book of savour, charm and unobtrusive strength." *The Manchester Guardian.* It is now included in *Macmillan's Modern Fiction Library* (6s.), other recent additions to which are *The Forest Lovers* by Maurice Hewlett, 7s. 6d. and James Hilton's *So Well Remembered*, 6s.

Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

★

TURNSTILE PRESS

ADVENTURE IN CHESS

Assiac

with drawings by VICKY and a folding chess set bound in the covers, there has never been a more entertaining chess book.

10/6

INDIA SINCE PARTITION

Andrew Mellor

A lucid and factual account of how independence came to India in 1947 and of the political, economic and geographical changes that have taken place.

7/6

Both books published today

A LAST SHEAF

Denton Welch

Denton Welch's posthumous novel *A Voice Through a Cloud* was one of the outstanding books published last year. This new volume is a final gathering of his stories, sketches, poems, and a long novel fragment. Reproductions of several paintings are also included. 12s. 6d.

THE RISE OF ENGLISH OPERA

Eric Walter White

"A lucid and vigorous summary of the evolution of opera in this country over the past three centuries."—*John O'London's.* With an introduction by Benjamin Britten and many illustrations. 21s.

DANCE AND THE SOUL

Paul Valéry

The first English translation, by Dorothy Bussy, of the great French poet's most notable Socratic dialogue, with facing French text. 10s. 6d.

WILLIAM COWPER

Norman Nicholson

"A clear case of the right man for the subject . . . Mr. Nicholson achieves at once wise psychology and imaginative utterance." EDMUND BLUNDEN in *The Bookman.* BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION. *May 24th.* 10s. 6d.

★*Other new publications*: ORPHAN ISLAND by Rose Macaulay (6s.) and BILLY BUDD AND OTHER STORIES by Herman Melville, introduced by Rex Warner (10s. 6d.).

JOHN LEHMANN

"*Rich and touching in its humanity*" was a critic's verdict on

Giuseppe Berto's

first novel THE SKY IS RED

The same verdict will be given on

THE BRIGAND

His new novel which we are publishing on May 28th. This is the very moving story of a man who in fighting injustice and poverty brings tragedy to those he loves.

Book Society Recommend . . *9s. 6d.*

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRÉ GIDE

Volume IV, 1939-1949

Long and eagerly awaited this final volume of a great literary landmark will be published on June 7th.

35s.

Paul Blanshard

FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER

"A most damaging exposure, not of the Catholic religion but of the enmity of its hierarchy to democracy."—*New Statesman.*

16s.

SECKER & WARBURG

NO ASHES FOR ENGLAND

E. M. Wellings

"I believe that the M.C.C. should no longer run these tours . . ." says the author in this provocative and stimulating eye-witness account of the 1950-1951 Australian Cricket Tour. Frank, outspoken, eminently readable.

Fully illustrated. 12/6 *net*

★ ★ ★ ★

A SEAT AT THE CINEMA

Roger Manvell

An intriguing book for all those who wish to know more of the art of the film. Excerpts from shooting scripts of famous films, "behind the scenes" information on film production and a special series of photographs. The latest addition to the popular "A Seat At" series.

Ready May 28th.

Fully illustrated. 12/6 *net*

From all leading booksellers

EVANS

New light on the Tests

ASHES TO ASHES

Rex Warner & Lyle Blair

May 18 Frontispiece 6s. net

Pithy Anglo-Australian Commentary on the 1950-51 Tests. Stimulating analysis, revealing tables.

ROSE SELECTION AND CULTIVATION

F. S. Harvey-Cant

May 18 16 Colour Plates 10s. 6d. net

Renowned expert tells amateur rosarian what he needs to know and describes selected groups of roses for varying conditions.

SHAW

Desmond MacCarthy

Demy 8vo 2nd Impression 12s. 6d. net

The Plays. "Brilliant dramatic criticism—best since Shaw's own."—*T. C. Worsley.*

BOTVINNIK

Demy 8vo Over 200 Diagrams 18s. net

World Chess Champion's second important book "100 Selected Games" ready Mid June.

MACGIBBON & KEE

You know Canada's in the news, but ....

what do you know about CANADA?

not enough? well, did you know that

THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

offers to readers in Britain the only Canadian periodical devoted to a study of international affairs from a Canadian point of view?

read

international journal

quarterly

nineteen and six a year (sixteen shillings to members of other Institutes of International Affairs).

among recent contributors: Mr. Nehru; Arthur Creech Jones; F. H. Soward; Andrew Brewin; Basil Davidson.

acting editor: M. R. D. Foot

subscriptions to Chatham House, 10 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

other enquiries and contributions to the editor, 230 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Virginia Woolf -or Beowulf?

What should students of English read? **ENGLISH STUDIES AND THE UNIVERSITIES** is discussed by Prof. John Butt (Durham), Prof. V. de S. Pinto (Nottingham), Prof. D. G. James (Bristol), Marjorie Daunt (London) and Richard Hoggart (Hull) in the May issue of **UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY**, edited by C. R. Morris, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds.

Other articles and reviews by R. H. S. Crossman, H. C. Dent, Prof. W. O. Lester Smith, Prof. P. Sargant Florence and others.

Annual postal subscription, £1 ($3.50). A few single copies at 5s. 2d. post free, from the Publisher.

UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Wine is so easy to enjoy . . .

See if you have a natural palate: enter the Wine-Tasting Competition. First prize, a week among the vines. No Charge Whatever. Apply —

The FRIENDS OF WINE, 1 Vintners' Place, London E.C.4

a study of social evolution which ignores this more truly organic aspect of the life of societies. To-day those who have ignored it are often bewildered to find that men and women of the machine age are not living at an infinitely "higher" level than some of their more simply equipped ancestors. It is in a way a tribute to the imaginative force of the systematisers (though not one they would welcome) that when they look upon the myriad events of history some can shape them into a unilineal progress, others into a series of repetitive cycles.

Professor Childe has cast the net of his learning deftly over history and caught what he intended to catch, yet when all value, all the glitter of existence, slips through the meshes one wonders whether the haul was worth while.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

IDEAS IN MOVEMENT

Dance and the Soul. By PAUL VALÉRY. *John Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This volume contains the original French text and the first English translation of the most famous of Valéry's dialogues in the Socratic manner. The publication of texts-and-translations is one of the best ways of introducing foreign writers to the English public, and Mme Bussy has done her work with the grace and skill that we have come to expect of the translator of Gide. It is difficult not to feel, however, that the value of the book would have been enhanced by the addition of a short introduction to Valéry's work as a whole and some account of the place in it of this particular dialogue. Valéry is a difficult author, and it may be supposed that readers who need the assistance of a translation are also in need of some explanation of the complexities of his thought and style. A great writer can naturally be appreciated to the full only in his own language, but the difficulty of Valéry is not primarily linguistic. It lies to a large extent in accustoming ourselves to the working of a mind which is very unlike our own. When we open a collection of his verse or prose, most of us experience a shock of surprise. The classic perfection of form, the purity of the language and the careful craftsmanship seem far removed from the experimental literature of our own time with its complicated images and recondite vocabulary, and it was this no doubt that prompted the Abbé Brémond to write a book called *Racine et Valéry*. We also have the impression that we are moving in an extremely rarefied atmosphere. For it is perfectly possible to grasp the overt meaning of every word and still feel that the sense of the work as a whole is eluding us. That is why something more than the publisher's note on the dust jacket, something in the nature of an "Introduction to the Method of Paul Valéry" would have been welcome.

Valéry's work represents an enterprise of a highly original kind. He was not interested, as his predecessors had been, in the world of appearances, in the physical world or even in the emotions. What interested him was the nature of intelligence and its operations, or what a French critic has called *la conscience consciente*. His poetry and his prose are different approaches to the same problems. The principal themes are common to both, and the Athikte of *L'Ame et la danse* bears a marked resemblance to the woman in *La Jeune Parque*. The poetry translates an experience which is essentially intellectual into sensuous terms. The dreams, awakenings and dawns, which are constantly recurring, are not described for their own sake but stand for the changing psychological states through which the mind must pass in its movement towards pure consciousness. In the prose works he pursues the same goal on the dialectical plane. They are, indeed, dialectical exercises of immense subtlety which may take the form of an essay on a great historical figure like the *Introduction à la méthode de Léonard de Vinci*, a semi-autobiographical *récit* like *Monsieur Teste* or dramatic dialogues like *L'Ame et la danse* and *Eupalinos*.

L'Ame et la danse is perhaps the most lucid and succinct presentation of Valéry's main preoccupations. It is a conversation between Socrates, Eryxmachus and Phaedrus who appear to stand for the Philosopher, the Physician and the Artist. They have just finished a banquet and are discussing a perennial theme—the relation of mind and body—when a troupe of dancers enters. "What a lively and gracious introduction to the most perfect thoughts," observes Socrates. "Life is a dancing woman, who would divinely cease to be woman if she could pursue her leap up to the skies." Then he turns on his friends and asks: "What in reality *is* dance?" For the materialist physician the question is almost meaningless. "What," he retorts, "do you want clearer about dancing than dancing itself?" He believes that "our living constitution [is] an incoherence that functions and a disorder that works." In that sense dancing or movement is good because it conceals the imperfections of the human machine. To Phaedrus the idea that dancing represents nothing beyond itself is "intolerable." It must, he is sure, be "an image of the raptures and graces of love." Socrates is not satisfied. He agrees with Eryxmachus that "nothing is more inimical to nature than to *see things as they are*" because "the clear-sightedness of the living man" can only lead to the ennui which is the stuff of life itself. He concludes that the only remedy against it is "the intoxication due to action." Not the "action" prescribed by Eryxmachus which is merely a temporary escape from tedium and human imperfection, but the action which transcends them. "Is not great Dancing, my friends, the liberation of our bodies, which are wholly possessed by the spirit of falsehood." "This is her supreme attempt," he says of Athikte, the leading dancer. "She turns and all that is visible drops from her soul; all the dregs of her soul are separated from its purer part; men and things form round her an amorphous whirl of lees." For a moment she has divinely ceased to be woman. Then she suddenly falls to the ground. "I feel nothing," she says. "I am not dead. And yet I am not alive .... Refuge, O my refuge, O Whirlwind!—I was in you, O movement, outside of all things ...."

The dialogue is an allegory of the life of intelligence. Dancing is action; the dancers are ideas in movement; Athikte is the incarnation of Intelligence itself. The conclusion seems to be that though the movement of the mind can be described, the ultimate experience of *la conscience consciente* eludes description. This does not detract from Valéry's achievement. His work is both an experience and an experiment; he was more interested in the process than the goal. *Dance and the Soul* is a dialectical exercise certainly, but it is also a remarkable work of art to which a brief summary does scant justice. What it *does* to us is not less important than what it *says*. The movement of the dancers is reflected in the debate which becomes a dance of concepts tossed rhythmically to and fro among the speakers.

MARTIN TURNELL

MORE GOOD GERMANS

We Defended Normandy. By LIEUT. GENERAL HANS SPEIDEL. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Chief of Intelligence. By IAN COLVIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There is really no stopping the procession of good Germans, all those splendid, high-minded men who meant to settle Hitler off at some time or other, but always failed to find the opportunity. What bad luck for them and even for us. General Speidel's claim is for his chief, Rommel, not for himself. Herr Speidel was chief-of-staff on the Normandy front in 1944. His cool, detached account of military events would have had more historical value if it had been written solely from contemporary material; as it is, there is a mixture of what was known at the time and what has become known since. The most valuable part is the picture, already known from other sources, of the confusion and suspicion at the top. Hitler was applying a strategy with which all his ex-

perienced generals disagreed; to force it through he deprived them of information and of all means for independent action. They had simply to transmit to their armies orders received from Hitler's headquarters. Quite apart from any moral objection to Hitler, it is difficult to understand how any body of men with professional pride could have tolerated such treatment, which was bound to lead to disaster. Herr Speidel's answer is that many German generals did not tolerate it: they intended to act against Hitler at the right moment, and Rommel was their destined leader. In reality there was much rambling talk, but no plan; and Rommel's "ultimatum" to Hitler, printed here, was no ultimatum, but merely a warning that the war in the West was lost. On July 17, 1944, Rommel was injured and put out of action for months. Otherwise he might have taken some futile part in the futile plot of July 20; he would not have been its leader, and he would not have carried it to success. Still, a commander-in-chief should always be a hero to his chief-of-staff; and, despite the hero-worship, this is an honest book, even in its way a useful one.

Useful is not the word that can be applied to Mr. Ian Colvin's imaginative life of Canaris, head of the German Abwehr. It is written, though not so skilfully, much on the principle of *The Quest for Corvo*. Mr. Colvin represents himself as piecing the picture of Canaris together bit by bit, gossip here, conjecture there: one phrase from a German intelligence officer, another hint from a highly placed, anonymous figure in Whitehall. Surmises are put down as solemn facts; and the guesses which intelligent writers have made on the basis of doubtful material are used to confirm the material in question. Mr. Colvin is almost as elusive as his hero. He does not assert in so many words that Canaris was a British agent, deliberately wrecking Hitler's plans; he leaves that for the dust-cover. All he does is modestly to put it forward as a possible explanation and thus arrive at the enigmatic conclusion that "Canaris had done his duty according to his own lights." What duty? What lights? All that is positively known of Canaris as a conspirator against Hitler is that on July 20 he did not even walk round to the plotters' headquarters. Either he was extremely inactive as a rebel or extremely ill-informed as a chief of intelligence; probably both. You would not hang a cat on such evidence; nor, for that matter, acquit one. In short, this book, with all its air of intimate and secret knowledge, is better read as ingenious fantasy. Baron Corvo was a much more interesting figure: there was more to find out about him, and it was found out, too.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

LONDON OF SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare of London. By MARCHETTE CHUTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

There are two ways of writing what may pass as a biographical study of Shakespeare. The first is to exercise one's power of invention, and the second is to produce a social history likely to be felt as useful by a student of the plays. The second is nowadays the surer road to success. About Shakespeare's England and Shakespeare's London a lively and informative account may be built up from abundant contemporary sources; and within recent years scores of reliable books have been written which make the task a good deal easier. The present work, by a briskly efficient American writer, really belongs here; it is concerned much more with the London of Shakespeare than with "Shakespeare of London"; and it must be pronounced a thoroughly competent and well-informed, if at the same time rather old-fashioned, book of its kind.

"The fascinating hurly-burly of Elizabethan London" is Miss Chute's sufficient theme. She covers the rise of the professional players and the building of the theatres; the structure of the companies and their relations with the court, the city, the general public and the dramatists who worked for them; the facts of Shakespeare's career as both man of the theatre and man of property; and what is known of the circumstances under which the individual plays were first produced. Dealing as she thus does from first to last with the tangible and visible surfaces of life in the period, Miss Chute has contrived something like a *Shakespeare's England*, compressed, brought up to date by faithful reading, and disencumbered of any matter dealing with the thought or interior life of the age. She is probably wise in this exclusion, since she combines lively antiquarian interests with an absence of any sense of the past. She views the medieval heritage of Elizabethan England and of the Elizabethan drama as essentially stuffy and restrictive, and she can see no good whatever in the splendid edifice of Tudor education. The result is necessarily a work of somewhat limited horizons. An account of Shakespeare the man in his material setting and professional relations is useful so far as it goes; but it necessarily recapitulates what has been known for a considerable time, while ignoring that recently enhanced understanding of his intellectual background which we owe in large part to scholars who are Miss Chute's compatriots.

At invention Miss Chute is undistinguished. At times she tries, but she doesn't get far. Shakespeare, we are told, was born and brought up in a house in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon; therefore "he must have known the premises thoroughly." This is at least not to be carried away by rash speculation. Yet Miss Chute is not always so cautious. Rightly concerned to insist that Shakespeare was thoroughly a man of the theatre, she is led to overestimate the probable extent of his activity as a player. He is known to have been acting by 1592; Miss Chute, maintaining that the craft "required a long, arduous period of training before a man was capable of appearing professionally before a critical metropolitan audience," supposes that "he must have chosen acting as his profession several years earlier." But the theatre business was expanding rapidly, and we need not suppose that a man of genius, who had enjoyed as a boy substantial opportunities of studying first-class acting, was not capable of stepping almost immediately into minor parts. What we know of the career of Betterton scarcely supports Miss Chute's argument. Nor is there really much evidence that Shakespeare acted regularly throughout his career, and the supposition that the principal dramatist of the King's Men was required to write his plays at odd moments during a life of full-time acting, both in London and on tour, is most unconvincing. There may, as Miss Chute says, be evidence that Shakespeare enjoyed the work of the actor. But I fear there is at least equal evidence that, like most Englishmen then and now, he was misguided enough a little to look down on it.

J. I. M. STEWART

NEW NOVELS

Shadows Move Among Them. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Peter Nevill.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Maura. By HUTHI SINGH. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Star Quality. By NOEL COWARD. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is a certain kind of book whose flavour it is almost impossible to communicate briefly: it can only be indicated by quotation or comparative approximations. *Shadows Move Among Them*, while it occasionally reminds one of several modern novels, remains sovereignly itself. Beautiful, unusual and irritating, it is this year's champion exotic.

The irritation begins on page 12. Gregory Hawke, a neurotic back from the Spanish Civil War, fleeing from the shadow of his dead wife, comes to visit his relatives at a lonely up-river mission settlement in British Guiana. Standing on the steamer deck, his tired face twitching and his "long tapering fingers" clenching and unclenching, he is clearly the quintessential late Thirties hero, the *miles inglorious* who took over

HAROLD LASKI

Reflections on the Constitution

Shortly before he died Professor Laski gave the Simon Lectures in the University of Manchester. He examined three great institutions—the House of Commons, the Cabinet and the Civil Service. He rejected the changes advocated—for example by Mr. Amery—in their form and function, and reaffirmed his belief in their traditional contribution to the government of a democratic society.

Ready May

224 pp. 12s. 6d. net

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS

IN SEARCH

An Autobiography by

MEYER LEVIN

Manchester Guardian: "Movingly written."

John Connell (Evening News): "Sincere, deeply felt, a real contribution to history."

Norman Bentwich (The Jewish Chronicle): "Memorable."

Punch: "Excitement of a thriller, triumphant."

Thomas Mann: "A human document of high order."

12/6

EAST END STORY

A. B. LEVY

In this delightfully illustrated work, the author recounts the impressions of a journey he made to explore what is left of the old East End of London and to recapture some of the flavour of the past.

Fully Illustrated 9/3

CONSTELLATION BOOKS

88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

the torch of English fiction from the Petroushkan Innocent-At-Home sometime after Franco's revolt at Tetuán. Meanwhile, the missionary's family is at the landing stage to greet him. Forgetting that this book is by Mr. Mittelhölzer, the case-hardened novel-reader grimly predicts the alternatives. Gregory will either be fattened up and sent home a whole man or he will spread his sophisticated blight over jungle innocence. Yet an incident on the way up to the house proves that this is no ordinary parson's family:

> Mr. Harmston . . . wagged a forefinger: "Now Logan, now! See you bring the baggage up before you do anything else. Understand?"
>
> "Ah will try sah," said Logan, hollow-voiced with laughter. "Dis is a wicked 'lil boy. Satan mek you 'lil boy!" He made a grimace at Berton and Berton showed him his little finger phallus-like. . . .
>
> Berton did it again, and his father gave him a clout on the back of his neck, all the weight of his huge, muscular frame seeming to go behind the blow. . . .
>
> "Premeditated obscenity," murmured the reverend gentleman, "is against our aesthetic codes. Berton knows that."
>
> "Of course I do," said Berton. . . .
>
> Mr Harmston uttered a deep laugh and ruffled Berton's hair playfully. . . .

Nor is it an ordinary mission. Mr. Harmston has been ordained by the Brethren of Christ the Man, a sect he and seven other young men founded at Oxford. A benevolent autocrat, he rules his half-caste settlement according to the Brethren's ideas. "The keynote of our happiness," he tells Gregory, "is evasion . . . it's the thrill of the unknown that keeps us excited and humming—the not being aware of what lurks in that dark corner over there—or round the next bend." The Berkelhoost community exists in a somatic dream-state, half-way between fantasy and reality. Its members spend their days tending their yam trees and their evenings listening to Debussy on the gramophone. Having come to terms with sex, pain and religion, they are able to unleash their deepest passions of love and hate on one another and thus develop ever richer personalities. On Sundays they gather to sing pleasingly mournful hymns, cultivate dreams and fancies and hear Mr. Harmston read a ghost story from the pulpit. Civilized but uncynical children of nature, their only contacts with the outside world are their regular supplies of Penguins and contraceptives and an occasional visit from the dentist. Habitual criminals are killed off, after communal trial, by an injection of *curare* and Mr. Harmston, as local coroner, records death by snake-bite. The reverend gentleman, genial but draconic, flogs and whips defaulters (including the members of his own family) and chains his Negro servant up when he misbehaves. Needless to say, Mr. Harmston is adored and revered by the entire community and is driven to invent the grossest fleshly sins to maintain his human status.

In such a nest of tropical Starkadders, Gregory's neurosis hardly has a chance. By the end of the book he has regained health and sanity and decided to remain at Berkelhoost and marry Mr. Harmston's eldest daughter, Mabel. Yet one of the major flaws in this novel is that Gregory, whatever his state of equilibrium, never comes to life. Not only his personality but his past also seems totally unreal. Nor does Mr. Mittelhölzer entirely succeed with Olivia, the parson's younger daughter. In some ways this romantic sinister little girl is the most ambitiously drawn character in the book. Yet the cumulative effect of her precocious malapropisms and fey behaviour is the opposite to what is intended. Such elfin waifery is obviously destined for a wider sphere than Berkelhoost. Olivia will, one feels, end up with a colonial scholarship to the R.A.D.A.

I cannot leave this book without praising Mr. Mittelhölzer's gift of description since it is largely through this quality that his novel transcends extravaganza and attains fantasy. He has a flair for describing natural beauty and records the changing moods and features of the jungle—the fireflies, the thunder, the heavy rains and the rotting vegetation—in such a way as to strike the reader with a sensory impact. A bizarre and disturbing book with moments of great beauty.

Maura is also primarily a fantasy, though one based on a traditional theme. It tells the old story of Cophetua and the beggar-maid, this time in an Indian setting. Though there are cars and telephones and the British—referred to Kafka-fashion as "the higher government"—are somewhere about, the book is primarily a Rajput love story with a darker thread running through it. Much of the action takes place in a rajah's harem and in "the desert of swollen bellies" and Mr. Huthi Singh describes this atmosphere with a mixture of earthiness and sensitivity that is wholly Oriental and entirely successful. He writes with style and vigour and his book throws much incidental light on differences in psychology between East and West. Yet as Mr. E. M. Forster points out in his introduction, it is the enigmatic figure of Maura the eunuch which makes the book unique. "Eunuchs," he writes, "are generally shown as comic or envious, but there is nothing that is funny about Maura and nothing malignant—benignancy rather, though benignancy at that spirited level does not preclude destructiveness." The final chapter in which Maura is left alone with the rajah's young son is one of the most terrifying in modern fiction.

After the squalor of the harem, it is good to get back to Mr. Coward and his happy breed. Both, one is glad to find, are quite unchanged. None of the six tales in this book could strictly be called a short story. Each, rather, is an incident, recounted with great zest and readability and based on such simple themes as stage temperament, a nice woman's first air trip, a cockney couple keeping the flag flying in the Pacific and a British matelot's irruption into wartime Hollywood. Despite echoes of Somerset Maugham ("Mr. and Mrs. Edgehill"), Dorothy Parker ("Star Quality") and the Compton Mackenzie of *Carnival* ("Ashes of Roses") the ambiance—Shaftesbury Avenue with a top dressing of Government House—is uniquely Mr. Coward's. The characterisation is perfunctory, a matter of slick type-casting. The stories themselves are facile and banal. The moral derives from Kipling out of *Spotlight*: the Show, whatever it is, Must Go On. One will remember this book as a kaleidoscope of phrases—*Noblesse oblige*, God's In His Heaven, the old slap-and-tickle, *de haut en bas*, A Little of What You Fancy and Thank God for the British Navy. Though Mr. Coward is not at his best as a short-story writer, the description of a rehearsal on page 220 reminds us that he is a superb man of the theatre.

JOHN RAYMOND

Speranza: A Biography of Lady Wilde. By HORACE WYNDHAM. *T. V. Boardman.* 15*s.*

The Wilde family seems to have had the unfortunate gift of attracting notoriety. Sir William Wilde became a Dublin legend in his own life-time owing to his extraordinary medical skill, charity, and outrageous amours. Lady Wilde, as a young Protestant rebel, wrote martial verse under the pen-name of "Speranza" for the Young Ireland movement of the 'forties, and was acclaimed as a national heroine even before she married. A careful biography of Sir William Wilde was published some years ago, but Mr. Horace Wyndham's study of Lady Wilde is less satisfactory. His acquaintance with the revolutionary movement led by Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy is obviously slight, and as there are few records of the literary salon which Lady Wilde maintained in Dublin, he has eked out his descriptions by borrowing from later accounts of her life in London. Many fashionable visitors have described mockingly that last dimly lit Chelsea salon, in which the aged poetess, fantastically dressed and heavily be-rouged, defied the last assaults of grief and time. But Mr. Wyndham yields too heavily and too clumsily to the temptations of genial banter. Undoubtedly, Lady Wilde's prose style was flowery, but it concealed a good deal of common sense. "No stiff corselet should ever depress the full impulses of a passionate heart." We can smile at that sentence and yet admire this literary lady of ample proportions who revolted against the monstrous tyranny of whalebone and hoop; and we must remember that Lady Wilde could be devastatingly downright in her speech. At times, this rhapsodic, yet witty creature could anticipate the conversational devices of her son. Of the various inaccuracies in this book, one may be mentioned: Lady Wilde's father was not a Wexford attorney but a retired Indian Army Officer.

Good Listening. A Survey of Broadcasting. By ELKAN and DOROTHEEN ALLAN. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book falls between two stools by attempting too much: it aims both at giving an account of the organisation and internal workings of the B.B.C. and at explaining and assessing, in popular terms for a popular audience, the B.B.C.'s contribution to "pure radio." The first part of the book exists mainly at the level of sensational journalism and most

IF WE MAY JUDGE by the increasing number of families in which it is almost traditional to 'bank with the Westminster', it would seem that our endeavours to create a friendly relationship between the Bank and its customers have met with success. The Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you more about the Bank and its services.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

May 24th

SEXTET

by

GILBERT BARKER

A collection of charming imaginative stories, set in 18th century France and written with elegance and grace.

10/6 *net*

GEORGE RONALD

BRISTOL OLD VIC THEATRE SCHOOL

Director: Edward Stanley

Auditions for full-time Acting and Technical Courses commencing Autumn, 1951, are now being arranged.

For Prospectus and details apply to:

The Bursar, c/o Theatre Royal, Bristol, 1

of what it has to say we have heard before too many times. The second half of the book is much better, and may well be useful as a general introduction to radio as a form in its own right. The analysis of *Itma*, for example, is very good indeed, and the new writer for radio might save himself much trouble if he read Mr. and Mrs. Allan's chapters on radio drama. The merit of the book is that the authors have long memories; when dealing with near-contemporary radio drama they do not forget the work of Mr. Tyrone Guthrie and Mr. Sieveking in the late 'twenties; they are aware that broadcasting did not begin with Mr. MacNeice. It must be said that the authors have been badly served by their publisher: their introduction is dated April, 1948, and to all intents and purposes their survey of broadcasting stops there.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book 1951. Vol. I. *Thomas Skinner.* Complete edition, £6.

The first volume of this monumental reference book, now in its 77th year of publication, contains the sections dealing with Government Securities, Railways, Banks, etc., in addition to some of the numerically smaller categories. The large Commerical and Industrial section follows in Volume II, which it is hoped to publish in September. The special chapters on Municipal, County, Dominion and Colonial finance appear as usual, as does the General Information and Statistical portion, which must be invaluable to Company Secretaries. Despite the difficulties inherent nowadays in the production of such books, the paper, printing and binding remain at their former high standard.

Overseas Settlement. By G. F. PLANT. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

Mr. Plant's purpose has been to present succinctly the historical and economic background to contemporary and future emigration policy. That one should find it natural to speak of "policy" in this connection is significant of the gradual change in the public attitude towards the emigrant. From 1585, when Raleigh's first unsuccessful settlement was established in Virginia, to the latter part of the 19th Century, the pioneers who went overseas achieved, or failed to reach their ambitions—wealth, adventure or what would you—strictly within the ambit of *laissez faire*; and even when the emigrant began to be recognised as the proper subject for public concern it was long left to the philanthropist, rather than the statesman, to concern himself with his well-being. To-day, however, emigration has been added to the long list of questions in which it is generally recognised that planning is essential. Policy involves many factors. Apart from considerations of Commonwealth defence, there is a strong case, which Mr. Plant accepts, for arguing that the congestion of population in Britain should be reduced—obviously not by compulsion, but by the provision of planned assistance to emigration at a rate conforming to the Dominions' variable capacity to absorb immigrants. The question, however, arises how emigration—tending as it does to involve the loss of young and active adults—is to be reconciled with Britain's own needs, having regard to the fact that her population is in any event ageing. Various devices, such as the tranfer overseas of complete "town units" embracing various ages and occupations have been canvassed; but Mr. Plant sees difficulties in such schemes.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,108

Set by Gerald Giradot

The usual prizes are offered for a new version of Kipling's *If*, either as it might have been written for a girl; or suitable for a child of progressive parents; or appropriate for a totalitarian boy. Two stanzas of one of these will be enough. Entries by May 29th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,105

Set by Richard Lister

A committee has just completed the invidious task of selecting a hundred books by modern writers to represent the modern age in literature. The usual prizes are offered for a passage of not more than fourteen lines on this enterprise from a modern Dunciad.

Report by Richard Lister

Perhaps the Exhibition which is the subject of this competition excited less controversy than the setter had supposed it would. As reflected in the entries, anyhow, passion ran very low. One expected envy and malice to be on the thrones, not charity, good nature and the understanding that pardons everything. Instead of savagery there turned up for the most part the mildness of doctored cats. Civilisation has evidently tamed "the literary tribe," too. Rather surprisingly, too, the *Dunciad* did not seem well known to competitors, even to many who attempted it. J. R. Till sent in a good distch:

Confusion quivers at a Judgement seat
Bedecked with coward's chaff *and* Keynes's wheat.

I wish he had carried on in the same strain. Guy Innes, B. B. Causer, A. M. Laing, N. Kerrod were all in the running at the end. I recommend the prize money to be divided between those printed below.

Once launch'd upon that mighty Sea of Ink,
Their Eyes began to swim, their Hearts to sink,
Each honey'd Blurb arousing Expectation
That each succeeding page doom'd to Frustration;
With anxious brows that twitch'd now high, now low,
They scann'd the serri'd bookshelves, row on row;
Polish'd Distinction was not far to seek,
But where the Genius Criticks find each week?
They skipp'd the Dull, the Clever coldly ey'd,
Till *Pritchett* groan'd and *Rose Macaulay* sigh'd,
Whereon *Day Lewis*, frowning, thus began:
'This is the Cent'ry of the Common Man,'
So saying, he selected sev'ral Thrillers,
And set down *Jeeves* beside *The Seven Pillars.*

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Th' audacious Judges now a task attempt
From which e'en Paris fain would be exempt.
Disdaining Bennett's Muse, they fling the gates
Of honour wide to Balchin, Iles and Bates;
Lawrence and Waugh the festive laurels share,
But where is Gosse? And Sean O'Casey where?
See close to C—— 's cynic trifles lie
The pleonastic rhapsodies of F——;
Here is no Kipling, strong in graphic pow'r,
But W——, who writes on nothing, hour by hour,
Portentous Dullness mounts the Critic's throne,
Whence wit, urbanity and taste are flown;
And Music, muffling up her lovely face,
To dismal Economics yields her place.

H. A. C. EVANS

"Broth spoils by superfluity of Cooks:
The same," says Dulness; "shall be true of Books."
Let some Committee, Panel, Jury, Bench,
Labour a Compromise, about a Clench,
With Dumps obfuscate, wither with *Ennuis*,
Displeasing all by striving all to please.
A Devil, rous'd from critical Fatigue,
Rouses in turn the National Book League;
Which Dame, her bulging Shoe review'd, to stitch it,
Bespeaks M——y, L——s, Statesman P——t.
The Plot misfires. Their List has ev'ry Fault,
But Dulness, to engender Talk or Thought.
Partial, omissive, arbitary, wrong,
It makes tongues wag the Festal Summer long.

JOHN PETRIE

Quoth one, "Agreed: if not his volumes slim,
His widow's pique ensures a place for him."
The Chairman cough'd. "She *has* a mordant pen.
I take it he goes in then, gentlemen?"
Then sighing, thus, "that makes the tale four score.
Take heart, my friends; we've only twenty more."
He said, and thought their labours to adjourn,
When comes Posterity of aspect stern.
"Give *me* your list!" Which scann'd, she cries,
"Were these
The darlings of your Cliques and Coteries?
Your net's too fine, who shun th' uncharted sea:
Whom ye think Tritons minnows prove to be.
Forsake your envious task. What right have ye
Thus to prescribe for us your cup of tea?"

D. L. L. CLARKE

The Clue of the Christmas Card

A PRINTED GREETING, a signature, a Norwich postmark. That was all — no address, no message. Joan was estranged from her family, "missing from home", and that card was the last news they'd had of her—if you could call it news. She'd sent it last Christmas, and now it was June; her mother lay grievously sick and calling for her, and the fretting was making her worse. Was Joan still in Norwich, and if so, could she be found in time? It was a challenge for our Reconciliation Bureau. With just that slender clue to guide them, they went into action. In a few days an Officer had found Joan and persuaded her to return. Relief put her mother on the way to recovery, and in the general happiness the breach between them was healed.

Many such cases are brought to our notice, and many successes scored by our Reconciliation Bureau. The work of the Salvation Army is still very largely dependent upon individual generosity. Will you help, by donation or legacy? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E., 101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

The Salvation Army

STOP PAIN

Safely . . . with **ASPRO**

'ASPRO' brings definite pain-relief within a few minutes. The sensation is a soothing one. **You suddenly realise that the pain has faded away.** 'ASPRO' just does the job and then disappears, leaving no trace, leaving no harmful after-effects whatever. 'ASPRO' provides Nature with the chance she needs to get you fit again. **Take 'ASPRO' when you feel the first twinge or ache which warns you of the** onset of rheumatic pain, neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica or lumbago. That is the way to forestall the nagging pain which these distressing ailments cause. 'ASPRO' brings peace, too, to overwrought nerves—so remember,

Does not harm the heart or Stomach

WHEN YOU'RE NERVY AND IRRITABLE—
'ASPRO' soothes & comforts

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. PRICES (Including Purchase Tax) 3d. 10d. & 1/9

Cheaper Holidays

W.T.A. Holiday Camps at Rustington (nr. Littlehampton) and Rogerson Hall (nr. Lowestoft) offer amazing value in early holidays. Cost now £4.0.0.-£5.0.0. p.w. with very special rates for children. Includes all meals, sports etc.

Write for full details to:

WTA Ltd., 49, Gillingham St., London, S.W.1

STUDY AT HOME FOR

B.Sc. ECON.

The London University B.Sc. Economics Degree is a valuable qualification, not only for teaching or administrative posts under educational and other organisations, but also for statistical research, political, and welfare work. The degree is open to all, without university residence or attendance at lectures. You may prepare for it at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Tuition fees are moderate, and may be paid by instalments. 700 Wolsey Hall students passed London B.Sc.Econ. (Final) examinations, 1925-50. **PROSPECTUS** from C.D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH 17,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Not the cheapest . . . but the best

TBW

invest safely in

BRICKS and MORTAR

and get **2½%** Society pays the tax

No expenses on investment or withdrawal.

Write for full particulars

GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY

(ESTD. 1880)

22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX

Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX & 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. DAY)

Assets: £2,000,000 *Reserves:* £66,000

Lifeboat men volunteer their lives . . . you can volunteer a contribution . . . Help them to carry on this voluntary work of saving lives by sending a contribution, however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer. Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

Loose judgment springs from microscopic wit
See, then, the Albemarle Tribunal sit:
Porus, whose comic vein was sweet, but short,
Now skulks a critic of his former sport;
Like his dazed mariner, adrift on land,
He clings to safety and the Members' Stand.
Next to His Evanescence, *Laucus* peers;
Poet of iron in the feathered years,
He trimmed his pylon to the mounting gale.
Starving his muse to glut a 'mystery tale.'
Who'll be surprised if pygmies hold the floor,
"Women in Love" lose preference to "St. Mawr"?
MacCarthy's out; Liz Bowen's all the rage.
Females and fops and Firbank soil the page.

L. K.

CHESS: Habemus Papam

No. 85

This, I think, is the chant of the faithful whenever a new pope is named. Ours, of course, was not elected by a conclave of grandmasters. He had to fight for his crown, and he isn't a newcomer to the throne either. But a successful defence of the title has been even rarer during the last hundred years than the advent of the seven who reached the pinnacle; eight, if we include Zuckertort before he lost to Steinitz; and one additional change since Alekhine lost and regained the crown. As for successful defence there were only six. Steinitz held the title against Tchigorin, Lasker against Tarrasch and Schlechter, Capablanca lost it in the first challenge he accepted, Alekhine staked it twice with impunity (against Boglojubov), and now Botvinnik held his challenger in a match, more gruelling, more daring, and still more exciting than Lasker's last round effort to draw his match against Schlechter 41 years ago.

Since readers, these days, are bound to see every one of these remarkable games copiously and competently annotated, I had better devote what space I have to a game less topical, less noted, but none the less remarkable. Mikhail Botvinnik played it at the age of twelve, less than a year after he had learned the moves, and very much an "outsider" in his Leningrad school championship; his opponent (White) was Grisha Abramovicz, proud holder of their school's chess title. I am using Botvinnik's own notes; they were written quite recently and they seem to prove that our reigning champion *has* a sense of humour.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14) R-Q1	Q-K2
(2) P-QB4	P-KKt3	(15 Kt-B3	P-QB3
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	(16) B-K2	
(4) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	*Q-B2 would have been better. But Grisha wasn't the one to beat a retreat.*	
(5) B-B4	Kt-R4		B-B4
(6) Q-Q2			
White should have retreated the B, but he would never do such a "cowardly" thing.		(17) Q-R4	Q-Kt5
	Kt x B	(18) R-Q2	P-Kt4
(7) Q x Kt	Kt-Q2	(19) Q-Kt3	P-K5
(8) Kt-KKt5		*Throwing away the advantage gained. R-Q1 was the obvious move. But how could I resist so "forceful" a kick at the enemy Kt?*	
Knowing me as a "rabbit," Grisha's plan was quite simple: Either I wouldn't notice the mate or I would lose the Q by P-KB3.			
	O-O	(20) Kt-Q4	QR-Q1
(9) P-K3	P-KR3	(21) P-QR3	Q-R4
True, P-K4 at once was better. But I simply had to show my opponent the futility of his Kt manœuvre.		(22) Kt x B	
		The B is still poisoned. By simply castling, and continuing KR-Q1 Grisha could have got a good game.	
(10) Kt-B3	P-K4		
(11) P x P	P x P		R x R
(12) Q-K4	Kt-Kt3	(23) Kt-K7 ch	K-R2
(13) Kt-QKt5		(24) K x R	B x Kt ch
Another trap. Grisha hoped for P-QB3, then to seize the Q file with his R and to plant the Kt at Q6. Not that it would have mattered.		(25) K-B1	B x P ch
	P-QR3	*and wins in a few moves. After (25) P x B, R-Q1 ch would have been decisive.*	

A: Mikhail Botvinnik

B: Emanuel Lasker

C: Paul Morphy

Pride of place in this week's competition must surely go to our confirmed champion. Like most of his end game studies this is quite a tough nut and should be well worth every one of 7 ladder-points. After this, 6 points for **B**—White to draw—would seem to be "easy money", and as for **C**, that pretty and famous 2-mover must be well over-rated with 5 points. Both **B** and **C**, were dragged in, merely to put the Sovereign in the company of his Peers.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 28

A: (1) P-R6, B-K1, (2) P-Kt4, B-B3. (3) B-Kt2, B x B. (4) P-K4, P-B4. (5) KtP x P, P x P. (6) P-R7, P x KP. (7) P-Q4, P-K6. (8) P x P, etc.

B: (1) K-R6, P-R6. (2) P-K6, P x P. (3) B-K5!, P-R7. (4) B x P, P-Kt. (5) B-R1, K-B5. (6) K-Kt6, K-B6. (7) B x P, K x P. (8) B-R1, K-K6. (9) P-Q4, K-K5. (10) K-B6, etc.

If (2) K x P. (3) K-Kt6, followed by P-B4.

If (1) K-Kt5. (2) P-K6, P x P. (3) B-K5, K-B6. (4) B x P, K-K7. (5) K-Kt5, K x P. (6) B-K5, K x P. (7) K-B6, K-Q4. (8) P-B4, etc.

C: (1) Kt-Kt4 ch, K x Kt. (2) Kt-B2 ch, K-K4. (3) P-K4, R x P. (4) Kt x P mate.

If (3) B x P. (4) Kt-Kt4 mate.

Some of our crack solvers were stumped by one or another of these difficult pieces. P-K6 (in B) and Kt-Q6 (in C) seemed tempting keys, but they do not fit. Prizes shared by the only four who saw every subtlety:—J. Ansell, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. Many correspondents rightly pointed out that Balogh's "quiet hammer-blow" should have been K-R2, rather than K-R1.

In the second decade of the ladder competition the four prizes are well deserved by J. R. Harman (297 points out of a maximum of 349), Eric Allen (282), M. Kaye (276), J. M. Reid (274). Very close up is D. E. Cohen (264) whose consistently high scoring should soon make up for having missed some competitions in the first decade. The same applies to C. Sandberg who, in the second decade, dropped only 9 points in the optimum of 190. The victors, of course, are relegated to zero, just as their predecessors in the first decade some of whom have been climbing very nicely from the bottom-rung of the ladder. In the next decade or two, honours will most likely go to the steady plodders who rarely miss a competition even though they drop quite a few points.

ASSIAC

Subscription Rates

All new subscriptions, or those due for renewal on or after May 19, will be at the following rates:

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airports:
Africa, West, £3 15s. South and East, £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.,
30, East 60th Street, N.Y.22, N.Y.

Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.

Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland,* 1½*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d. Canada,* 1*d.*

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens, ideal position. Summer: 4½-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended" is your guarantee of a good hotel irrespective of size. A descriptive account of some 550 of his personally inspected hotels will be found in "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain". 364 pages, beautifully illustrated. 9s. 6d. from your bookseller, or 9s. (post free) from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 68 St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

ALL recent weeks were mostly fully booked at Normanhurst (28 beds) but vacancies remain for all weeks in May and June at time of going to Press. Our terms include gratuities, early morning tea on room; 4 meals daily; coffee; baths; heated bedroom in cool weather; sprung interior mattress; h. & c. in bedroom; easy chairs for all in two well-appointed lounges; and above all congenial fellow guests. £4 10s. to £7 12s. 6d. weekly according to position and floor. Mostly double or twin-bedded rooms. Recommended by readers of the New Statesman, members of Toc H, W.V.S. social workers, etc. All in sympathy their ideals cordially welcomed. Normanhurst Private Hotel, 12 Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Best position, opposite all-weather promenade; medically commended.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, guest houses in Britain's loveliest holiday countries. Post free 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000-volume library, trout streams, riding; children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

SPRING holidays. St. Leonards is recommended (sheltered from N. and N.E. by high ground). Normanhurst Private Hotel is beautifully warm with central heating. See advert near head of column.

DARTMOOR, near Dartmeet. Guests received in lovely old Devon cottage, modernised. Bed and breakfast or board. Mod. terms. Fishing, riding. Partics.: Mrs. Napier, Luna Cottage, Hexworthy, Yelverton, Devon.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where fond and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

FOLKESTONE. Downs View Priv. Hotel, nr. Leas. English/Continental cooking. 6-6½gns. 40 Bouverie Rd., W. Tel: 3446.

HOLIDAYS that are Different—" Far from the madding crowd " at Hophurst, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Members Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 5½gns. Brochure. "Kenwood," Midway, Pelham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

NORMANDY. Eng. writer and wife welcome P.G.s. at their Villa Fr. coast resort. Coach from Havre. Eng. brkfst. Fr. cooking. Sandy beach, pleasant country. 6-7gns. inc. service. Details: Box 3014.

ISLE of Wight. "West End," Quarr Rd., Binstead. Country house by the sea. Close Ryde and main buses. 3½-5gns. May-Oct.

EIRE. Achill, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Seacliff Guest House. Comfortable accommodation. Excellent catering. Situated on sea front. Terms £5 weekly. Apply Manageress.

BURCOT-on-Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence. Boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant stn. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. comfort. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool; reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp) V. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Tc Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. per wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

THOSE needing physical or mental recuperation will find peace, comfort and beauty in a Co.nish Country House, facing South overlooking sea, secluded lawns and gardens. Excellent library. Home farm produce, exquisitely prepared by Belgian cook. Trains can be met at Plymouth. Box 2455.

THE 4-Power Conference should be held in Chagford, because the Cream of Devonshire will be there. For the first time, agreement on the best holiday will be UNanimous. Write for Brochures from the Secretary, Chagford & District Hotels Association.

DELIGHTFUL country holidays from 5 gns. inclusive. Thornton House, Northiam, near Rye, Sussex.

SWITZERLAND. — Comfortable Guest House for holidays in one of the world's finest spots (3,370ft); ideal for convalescence. 14 francs daily inclusive. Excellent cuisine, personal attention. Brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

BOARD Residence. Sea 3 minutes. Spacious grounds. Home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

SPEND a holiday in West Ireland wandering along shores and mountains and stay at Slievemore Hotel, Dugort, Achill.

IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Inch, Kerry. (A.A.) Spend restful holiday in Dingle Peninsula, overlooking Dingle Bay. Magnificent sandy beach, safe bathing, excellent catering, personal supervision. Moderate terms.

HOTEL Lerchenhof, Mieders, Stubai, Tyrol, Austria. 40 min. bus ride fr. Innsbruck. Excel. cuisine, swimming pool and tennis court in village. Beautiful Alpine scenery. Pension terms incl. serv., Austr. Sch. 45.-, May & Sept. Sch. 40.- p. day.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, nr. Haslemere, Surrey, offers Spring holidays at reduced rates. A.A. approved. Fernhurst 276.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. A.A. recommended. Just above sea, in 10 acres grounds. Modern comfort; exc. "home" cooking. Vacancies to Mid-July. Tel.: 316.

SPAIN: Costa Brava. Hotel facing blue Mediterranean. Magnificent sandy beach. Comfortable beds, good food. English & French spoken. Moderate terms. Details direct from Hotel Mar y Sol, Rosas, Gerona, Spain.

WESTERN Lake District, Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House adjoining lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

HOLIDAY centre for the Trossachs. Brook Linn, Callander, Perthshire. Vegetarian Guest House.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Residential licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

SWITZERLAND. Teacher recommends Mme. Durand, Valentin 20, Lausanne. Exc. cook. English spoken. Central.

PARIS. Montmartre; simple, comfortable accommodation, between St. Lazare & Nord Stations. English, German, Polish spoken. H. & c. all rooms. Bathroom. 425frs. single, 475-525 double, inclusive. Select Hotel, 30 Rue Milton, Paris 9e.

SWANAGE. Really first-class bed & breakfast. Haines, 133 High St., Swanage.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, glorious Devon. A Sea-View Guest House adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Comfortable house. Moderate terms. Mrs. Garness.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & c. All conv., finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Gd. centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

LONDON. "West Court," Bath Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

DEVON and Cornwall, Ideal for May holidays. Guest Houses Dawlish, Newquay. Free brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel: 2151.

BEAULIEU (Alpes Martimes). Full pension, very low terms for long stay. Small priv. villa. Magnificent views. 3 mins. sea. Box 2973.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 4½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, for restful or invigorating hols. Unique position at head of Lake Derwentwater. Festival Celeb. June 9-30. Vegans welc. Anne Hormer. Phone 508.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes, fishing, golf. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

OLD Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor: Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 207.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplicg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

ALL kinds of typewriting work. Accurate. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey Mansions, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772.) First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translns. Mod. charges. 1 North-gate Hse., 122 Heath St., N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., 4-day emergency service for urgent work. Articles/short stories, etc., by return. Dictating machine service. Duplicating (24-hour service), indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Also at Parsifal Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations, 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mal. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful chkng., Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 1 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5800.

THE Arlington Secretarial Service. WHI. 5096. Typing/duplicating, all classes of work accepted. Efficient work and clean duplicating guaranteed.

FIRST-Class duplicating/typewriting. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/ MOU. 1701.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating undertaken. Moderate terms. Will call to take dictation in shorthand. Elizabeth Hughes, 26 Seymour St., London, W.1. (Tel. PAD. 6798.)

ELISABETH'S Typing and Duplicating Service. Post Orders a speciality. Efficient and inexpensive. Latest electric duplicators. Windrift, Seafield Road, Rustington, Sussex.

VALERIE Ashley Secretarial Services, 80A Holland Park Avenue, W.11 (PARk 6726). Excellent typing service: 12 hour duplicating. Office Staff, male or female, supplied and regd. Well recommended.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 33 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Esc. 1898.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Pesch, Pink or Sky, Light Blue, each pnl 36in. x 156in. 2 panels, 20s.; 4 panels, 37s. 6d.; 8 panels, 72s. 6d. (2) White Nylon: each panel 36in. x 132in., 2 panels, 27s. 6d.; 4 panels, 52s. 6d.; 8 panels, 100s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths. Superb quality. 3yds. x 38in. each 25s. 6d. Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. x 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d. Whole Par. 52s. 6d. Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

DON'T Stop Smoking. Try the famous Crescent Smoking Mixture, the supreme Cutlass blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs., post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s; 1 year, £2 12s 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and free of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

A WEEKLY, fortnightly or monthly supply of Devonshire Clotted Cream by post from Major Mollbet, Vittoria House, Cheltenham. Send addressed envelope for details and order form.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & R. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd, W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

LITERARY Criticism. Fine Collection: Libris, now at 38A Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030. Books bought.

SALE of Surplus Stocks. For three weeks from Monday, May 21, 1951. 70% reductions first week; 80% second week, and 90% third week. Novels three for 2s. 6d. Alfred Wilson's Bookshop, 155 Victoria St., S.W.1 (100yds. from Victoria Stn.)

ANTHROPOSOPHY. Books may be borrowed from the Rudolf Steiner Library. Apply 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0906.

WE get that book you want. London Book Co., 391 St. John Street, E.C.1.

"INTIMACY." Jean-Paul Sartre's daring bestseller. According to "Punch" "Leave Lady Chatterley's Lover' asleep at the post." 5th impression now ready. Of all booksellers or 11s. post free. Peter Nevill, 50-52, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, Tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Bed and serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

COMFORTABLE divan rooms with cooking facilities, c.h.w., garden. From £2 2s. Including breakfast and dinner, from 3½gns. or 3gns. sharing. Bee 2747.

TO let in St. John's Wood, 3-rm. furn. flat, entrance flr., from end June. Sleep 4. 7½gns. p. wk. Nice gdn. PRI. 4485.

HOMESEEKERS should read "The Homefinder," the biggest and best Property Magazine. Over 1,000 houses advertised in every issue. 9d. monthly from Newsagents. By post 1s. or 11s. 6d. a year. Homefinders, Ltd. (N.S.), 14 Wool Exchange, E.C.2.

SMALL furn. bedroom to let with part use of sitting-room in top flat North Paddington, to lady with intellectual and domestic interests, small service only. Box 2924.

LONDON. Professional people seeking really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

FRENCH-German graduate (23) wishes to share her 2 furnished rooms Muswell Hill with girl same age, interests. Rent and gas 35s. weekly. Box 3406.

TO let Chelsea: small newly decorated bedsit., every convenience, 50s. per wk. B. & B., other meals arranged; or as pied-à-terre. Box 3025.

PRIVATE sitting-room, twin-bedded room, possibility third room, garage, very good food, 3 miles Farnham. Two persons 4½gns. each. Box 3251.

STONE house on cliff, N.W. Anglesey, to let furn. from Aug. 26. 7 bedrooms. Safe sandy beach. 16gns. Box 2895.

COPFORD Place, Colchester (Marks Tey 97). Residential Guest House mainly for retired people. Large unfurnished room available. Central heating. Own produce. Meals and service at inclusive terms.

FURNISHED bed-sit., kit. (large) in happy home. £2 10s. Sutton, Surrey. Wd. suit prof. man/woman. Box 3007.

AUSTRALIAN couple engaged in research work, and settling permanently in England, require an unfurnished flat in London. Both University graduates. Careful, quiet tenants. Willing to pay moderate sum for lettings. Please reply to Box 3022.

2/3 unf. rms./flat reqd., permanently London. Low rent. Bus. woman. Box 3184.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on 1st August, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on 1st August, 1951. Salary Scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £400 × £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. The Post of Head Master will be vacant from May 1, 1952, and the Governors invite application for this appointment. In exceptional circumstances the Governors would be prepared to postpone the date of commencement of duties until September 1, 1952. The School is a Direct Grant School for Boys. The King Edward VI Foundation also comprises one High School for Girls (Direct Grant) and five Voluntary Aided Grammar Schools. Candidates, who must be graduates of some University in the United Kingdom, are requested to send three copies of their application and of not more than three testimonials on or before June 16, 1951, to the undersigned, from whom Forms of Application and further particulars may be obtained. The commencing salary of the post will be £2,300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £2,800. In addition there will be a tax-free allowance for expenses of £200 per annum. A Head Master's House is provided rent free. There are no boarders at the School. C. Harrison, Secretary, King Edward's School, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham, 15.

CANBERRA University College, Australia.—Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Temporary Lecturer in Philosophy, scale £A650–£1,050 p.a. (Aust.) with cost of living adjustments, at present an additional £24 p.a. Salary within the range will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Appointment will be for two years from September 1, 1951, or such other date as may be arranged. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 31, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Applications are invited for the Headship of the Department of Social Studies on the scale £1,300 × £50—£1,500 per annum, with superannuation benefits under the F.S.S.U. and children's allowances. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom eight copies of the application should be sent not later than May 31, 1951.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London).—Applications are invited for two Assistant Lectureships in French. Salary scale £450–£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Preference will be given to candidates with a degree of a British university. The appointments will date from October 1, 1951. In addition to linguistic teaching, applicants should be able to offer courses in French civilisation as a background to modern French literature. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than May 30, 1951, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applications are invited from candidates for appointment to Assistant Lectureships in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. The appointments will be in Grade III (£400—£500 per annum) and in the first instance for a probationary period of three years. Qualifications, or an interest, in finance or economic statistics or commerce (economics, accounting and commercial law) would be an advantage. The University is prepared to consider applications from men and women taking their degree in June of this year who expect to win high honours. Applications, accompanied by the names of three persons willing to act as referees, should be received not later than May 31, 1951, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. C. G. Burton, Secretary. The University, Birmingham, 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Education.—Applications are invited for an appointment as Assistant Lecturer (£450 × £25—£500) or Lecturer (£550 × £50—£1,100) to take charge of speech training work with students. Candidates should have a qualification in Speech Training and, if possible, some experience with students, teachers and schools. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 4, 1951.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests in Modern History. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 31, 1951, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Producer of music talks broadcast to schools and to young people and of those included in Forces Educational Broadcasts and Woman's Hour. Assistance in production of talks on music and other subjects for a general audience is also required. A generous enthusiasm for music and wide knowledge and sound judgment of musical standards and taste are essential. Organising ability, imagination and some ability in the use of words are additional qualifications. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Music Talks Producer, N.Sm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologist.—Applications are invited for the post of an additional Educational Psychologist for a full-time two-team Clinic at Chelmsford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should hold an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training centre for Child Guidance Work. Salary scale: men, £650 × £25 to £850; women, £585 × £20 (4) × £15 (1) to £680. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London).—Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Anthropology. Salary scale, £450—£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. The appointment will date from October 1, 1951. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than June 7, 1951, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Politics for an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Sociology. Salary scale £450—£550 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. The appointment will date from October 1, 1951. Applications with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than May 25, 1951, to the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, W.C.2.

I.L.O. invites applications from men and women of British nationality aged from 30 to 45 years on May 31, 1951, for a post of Member of Division in the Manpower Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: (1) knowledge and direct experience of vocational rehabilitation work; (2) mother tongue English; (3) working knowledge of French; (4) some knowledge of Spanish desirable. Closing date for applications is May 31, 1951. On application with stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, further particulars and candidature forms may be obtained from the International Labour Office, 38/39 Parliament St., London, S.W.1.

COUNTY of Leicester. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from candidates possessing the Mental Health Certificate or other approved Certificate or Diploma, for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker in the Authority's Child Guidance Service. The salary applicable to this full-time appointment will be on the National Scale, £370 × £20 to £530 per annum. A motor car is essential, and travelling expenses and subsistence allowance is payable in accordance with the Council's scale. The appointment is subject to the Superannuation Act and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. This is a new post with scope for initiative on the part of the Social Worker. The Service has its own Psychiatrist and Educational Psychologist. Further information, if required, can be obtained from Dr. G. H. Gibson, School Medical Officer, 17 Friar Lane, Leicester, to whom all applications should be submitted not later than May 31, 1951. John A. Chatterton, Clerk of the County Council.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist able to use own initiative required by important Zionist Communal organisation. State fully qualifications and experience. Salary according to qualifications. Box 3476.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WILTSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Leader-Organisers at Calne and Warminster. Duties include development of Youth Service activities in the town and acting as Warden of small Youth Centre. Recognised training and experience essential. Salary £360 × £15—£420 per annum. Superannuable, subject to medical examination. Canvassing disqualifies. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. A. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Stanway Children's Home, near Colchester. House Mother required to take charge of a Home accommodating 26 children of school age with four resident staff. Salary £261 12s. per annum, less £59 16s. for residential emoluments. Conditions of service in accordance with the scheme of the Ancillary Staffs Council. Post temporary in view of expected closure in 1952 pending reopening as a Reception Home, but opportunity will be given to transfer to permanent post in a new Home. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

REQUIRED by Chief Chemist of large chemical manufacturer in Lancashire, Technical Secretary to supervise the administration of laboratories. Applicants should preferably have a Science Degree, although previous experience in a similar capacity might be acceptable. Good shorthand and typing speeds and previous experience of office administration essential. Salary around £500 per annum according to qualifications, etc., age preferably over 30, but a younger person with the requisite experience would be considered. Box 3154.

LETCHWORTH Adult Education Settlement requires for September a Warden (man): graduate preferred. Salary £500 p.a. No accomm. offered. State age, education & exp. Applications by May 31 to Hon. Sec., The Settlement, Letchworth, Herts.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required for September, fully qualified Mistress to teach Piano and class singing. Salary according to Ministry's scale, with a bonus towards travelling expenses for a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational, and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S.S. Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As., 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Monitors. Duties entail listening to and writing full reports on broadcasts in English from foreign stations. Wide general knowledge, sound political sense, good command of English, perfect hearing and typewriting ability are required. The work is carried out near Reading, on a shift basis with some night work. There are no vacancies at present, but selected candidates will be placed on a reserve list for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £520. Applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "English Monitor, N.Sm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

RESIDENT Tutor in Lincoln. Applications are invited for this post. Good experience of adult education, including tutorial class teaching, is essential. Included in the duties of the post is the supervision of the training of young graduates in adult education. History and or Literature are the subjects mainly required. Capacity to teach Philosophy or Sociology in conjunction with one of the other main subjects will be considered. Salary £700–£850 according to experience and qualifications. Particulars and application forms from the Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Closing date June 3.

CITY of Stoke-on-Trent Education Committee, Horton Lodge Special School for Delicate Children, Rudyard. Residential Housekeeper.—Applications are invited for the post stated above at the Horton Lodge Special School. Candidates should have had previous experience. Salary scale: £250 to £300 per annum, by annual increments of £10. Full residential emoluments. The post is subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Overall provided and fares paid to Hanley or Leek twice a week. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned which will require to be completed in the candidate's own handwriting and submitted as soon as possible. H. Dibden, Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Town Hall, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Harold Wood Hall, Short-stay Home. Senior House Mother required to deputise for Superintendent and Matron when necessary. 30 boys and girls 5-15 years. Must have had previous residential experience with children. Salary £283 8s per annum, less £59 16s for full residential emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Borough of Dudley. Children's Home—Staff. Applications are invited from married couples to undertake the duties of resident House Father and Mother-in-Charge of a Children's Home accommodating approximately thirteen children of school age. Accommodation can be provided for one child of the successful applicants, if required. The Mother-in-Charge will be required to work full-time, at a salary of £5 8s. per week, less £1 3s. per week for board and lodging. Previous experience with children and the running of a Home in all its aspects is necessary. The House Father will be permitted to follow his own employment but must live in the Home. He will receive full residential emoluments in return for devoting about eight hours a week to arranging activities and interests for the children at week-ends and in the evenings. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, with the names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned not later than Thursday, May 31, 1951. P. D. Padwarth, Town Clerk, The Council House, Dudley.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee, Vauxhall House. Appointment of Assistants to Superintendent and Matron.—Applications for the above joint post are invited from married couples. Preference will be given to candidates with previous residential experience and/or training in child care. The hostel accommodates 28 working boys aged 15 to 18. Two furnished rooms are available, but it is regretted that no accommodation can be provided for the child(ren) of applicants. Salaries: husband £6 15s.; wife, £4 13s. weekly, less 23s. in each case for board, lodging and laundry. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned at 102 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. Closing date: May 26, 1951. Quote advert No. 16090.—E. J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Bodicote Lawn, nr. Banbury.—Applications are invited from women, preferably aged 35-45, interested in children, for the post of Resident Assistant at this Hostel, which accommodates fifteen children aged 6-11 years. Sympathy and experience in the homely care of children is essential. Salary: £150 × £10—£200 p.a., plus full residential emoluments. Applications, giving details of previous experience and the names of two references, should be made to: Social Welfare Officer, 1 New Rd., Oxford. A. R. Chorlton, M.A., Director of Education.

WOMAN Chemistry graduate reqd. part-time through August, full-time permanent from last week Sept. Box 3361.

"THE Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle," the weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers, req. assistant for general editorial duties. Salary £600–£700 according to quals. Applications, giving age, full particulars of education and exp., copies of recent testimonials, and names of two referees, should be made by May 25 to the Editor, Hamilton House, Hastings St., W.C.1.

SECRETARIAL vacancy in the service of the Medical Research Council. Senior Clerk grade £340 × £15—£415. Personal secretarial duties to Deputy Director, Scientific staff. Apply: Director, Medical Research Council, Radio Therapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

CONFIDENTIAL Private Secretary shorthand typist for Director (Dr.), perfect English and German, French or Spanish, if possible, precise, hard working, organising ability. Write to Box 3431.

WEST End office desires intelligent and educated bilingual lady secretary, unmarried, must be efficient English and reasonable German shorthand typist, and able to cope with filing. Good salary for right person. Box 3319.

ART Gallery reqs. a young educated girl as typist-receptionist; starting salary £3 10s. Apply 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2.

TWO theatre artists require experienced working housekeeper for London maisonette. Must be willing to prepare hot after-theatre suppers. 'Phone Park 8141.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GIRL, aged 19 years, animal lover, wishes position as assistant in Pet Shop. Box 2969.

GENTLEMAN, 36, public school, requires situation. Preferably to do with books or recorded music. Wide knowledge of both. London area essential. Box 3182.

OXFORD B.A. Hons. Spanish, French, seeks post, any kind, July, Aug., Sept. Details: Watson, Principe 23, 4° Madrid.

EDUCATED girl, knowledge typing & good French sks. intg. post. Box 2923.

YOUNG man, 24, Oxford Honours graduate, seeks interesting post—willing to go anywhere, do anything. Only genuine offers considered. Box 2950.

HIS. Hons. Grad., typg., French, inf./library exp., kndge. films desires post research/museum/visual ed./admin. Box 3016.

SKILLED Translator/Interpreter specialist science, technics, commerce, Spanish, German, French, Italian, Catalan, excellent refs., sks. full-/part-time post. Box 3303.

WRITER, 36, working on travel book, needs source of income. Varied talents/exp., not work-shy. Box 3063.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 580

RE-EDUCATION of movement and posture and reduction of overtension due to bodily and psychological stress. Trained teachers and medical supervision. Photographs and films used as teaching aids. Enquiries, Secretary, Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (Park 7722).

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

A Centre for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY 4640, 3805.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Exchange Visits. Accommodation, etc., arranged. Post School Course for Girls, Citizenship, Languages, Secretarial. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

HAVE you a Grasshopper mind? A mind that nibbles at everything and masters nothing. Pelmanism will enable you to concentrate and develop your mental powers generally. Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.—Write for a free copy of "The Science of Success," which describes the Course, Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., W.1.

MODEL. Millinery, private lessons. Ladies who are interested to learn the trade thoroughly from an expert should apply for details CUN. 5452.

TOUCH-typing, Chelsea. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton, FLA 1493.

DRESS-MAKING. Complete training by ex-Cutter - Designer. Correspondence Course. Private lessons. Box 8656.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

OXFORD Arts Festival, July 2-16, 1951. Course of lectures by distinguished scholars on The Arts in England in the 17th Century, illustrated by plays, concerts, exhibitions. Accommodation provided in Oxford colleges. Enquiries to Festival Secretary, Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford.

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs, August 11-18. "The Principles of Socialism." Director: G. D. H. Cole. August 18-25. Foreign Policy. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey. August 18-25. "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, application: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FABIAN Summer School: July 25-August 8. Centre Culturel de Royaumont, Asnieres-sur-Oise, France. "International Affairs." Director: Austen Albu, M.P. Lecturers: Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Roy Jenkins, M.P., Ian Winterbottom, M.P. French Socialists will speak on French Policy. Details and booking forms from: Schools Sec., Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Bridlington Summer School of Music, August 10-16, 1951. George Richards (Director), Leonard Rafter (Orchestra), Lucy M. Welch (Teachers' Course). Also Chamber Music; Madrigals; Appreciation. Inclusive fee, £3 10s. Enrolment forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, E. Yorks.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham Extra-Mural Department. Third Annual Music Summer School at Attingham Park, Shropshire, July 31-August 7. "The Heritage of English Music." Lecturers include Alan Bush, Robert Donington, Edmund Rubbra, Wilfrid Mellers, Bernard Stevens. Artists include The Deller Consort, The Rubbra-Gruenberg-Pleeth Trio, Desmond Dupré, George Miles. Inclusive fee £5 5s. "The Instrumental Music of Shakespeare's Time." Week-end Course at Westham House, near Warwick, June 2-3. Lecture-Recital by Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby. Inclusive fee 10s. Details from Extra-Mural Dept., University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

U.N. Assoc. Summer School Geneva & Alps August 7-20, £32 10s. Visits to Ecosoc, I.L.O., talks by U.N. "high-ups." Partics.: 25 Charles St., W.1.

"AFRICA & the Labour Movement," The Rookery, Oxford, July 14/21. Nationalism and Socialism; Domestic and Foreign Policy South Africa; Changing Structure Society; Science, Social Progress; Dr. Bendix-Leonard Barnes: Ritchie Calder: The Rev. George Norton and others. Fees £4 5s. Pars., Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

SUMMER Courses in France & Italy—Cannes, 30 days, 38gns. (Special reduction for Univr. students.) Venice and Lake Gards, 21 days, 34gns, incl. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. HAR. 1040.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

INTERNATIONAL Summer University, July 7-August 4; sponsored by National Union of Students, International Student Service, United Nations Student Association. At University College of North Staffs, Stoke-on-Trent. Theme: Roads to Survival; lectures by eminent authorities, seminars, discussions. Varied social programme, excursions (including theatre parties to Stratford). Charge £5 10s. per week. Further details from Secretary, ISU, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

SHAKESPEARE Play Production Special Summer Course at Darlington Hall, Devon, July 27 to August 12. Chief Lecturer: Mr. Michael Macowan. Vacancies for Men. Apply Training Department, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley, 9 Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving & Other Crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 9-Sept. 1. Details from Principal.

BRITTANY Painting Group. Six weeks from July 9. 2gns. p.w. Write Smyth, 8a Heath Drive, N.W.3. Beginners welcome.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. McIlrath Senior Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for a full time McIlrath Senior Research Fellowship in any one of the subjects of the Medical curriculum. The successful candidate will be expected to conduct investigation under the direction of the appropriate head of the department. Salary £960 to £1,250 (Australian) per annum, according to qualifications and experience, the appointment being tenable for five years in the first instance. Reasonable travelling expenses will be allowed if the successful candidate comes from abroad. Applications stating date of birth, qualifications, training, experience, publications and subject of choice, with names and addresses of three referees, should reach the undersigned, from whom further information may be obtained, not later than May 31, 1951. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. The Univ. invites applications for: (1) A number of Research Fellowships of a maximum value of £450 each per annum. These Fellowships will be awarded to candidates who seem likely to make a significant contribution to knowledge in any appropriate field of learning. Applics. must be received not later than June 1, 1951. (2) A number of Postgraduate Studentships and Scholarships of varying values up to £250 per annum. These will be awarded to candidates who wish to pursue research in appropriate fields of learning. Undergraduates taking Final Examinations in June, 1951, are eligible to make provisional application. Applications must be received not later than July 1, 1951. Further information and forms of applic. may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom completed forms must be returned.

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl, 16, wishes stay with good English family near London, preferably with girl of same age, July 3-4 weeks, willing give some help. Box 5439.

PLEASANT quiet room available during day to writer, student, etc. Near Finchley Rd. Underground. Terms mod. Box 3012.

COULD anyone recommend family living in Paris to teacher (f). Would do housework/teach English in return for board during July 21-Sept. 1. Box 3021.

LAKE District. Ambleside Centre organised by Ambleside International Friendship League. July 21-September 8. Apply Miss Paxton, 6 Rectory Grove, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

TWO young men linguists, expd. (travellers, wide knowledge), newer. Share expenses continent, fortnight from July 20. Box 3100.

OXFORD. Comfortable furn. house to let for one month July 21. Box 3176.

DIFFICULT, backward or handicapped children; Froebel teacher with long experience of varied difficulties free to visit child daily. Box 3216.

FRENCH student, 18, wishes "au pair" exchange English family summer vacation. Roman, 23 Cranley Gdns., S.W.7.

YOUNG executive, ex-Intelligence Corps, seeks (a) companion m. inexpensive train-hitch-hike tour Austria, Italy, or (b) three to contribute substantially expenses taking Riley coupé June 24-July 20. Box 3370.

LADY holidaying Italy early June would like to join others travelling by car. Expenses shared. Write Box 3378.

CENTRAL London accommodation available various periods July 16-August 15 in U.N.A. International Centre. Partics.: 25 Charles St., W.1.

JUNE and July. Norfolk Broads Cottage, furn., to let, on river. 5 beds, sleeps 6. 3 bedrooms, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen. Electric light and cooking. Bed lights. Wireless. Everything provided. Elsan toilet. 7/*8gns*. Box 3553.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

FOR younger Festival visitors. Wooden chalet, beautiful private gdn. Sleep 3. ½-hr. Baker St., 2*gns*. weekly. Box 3066.

BRITTANY. Lady Artist with comfortable old house near Dinard, can take Paying Guests till end July. Good food, pretty gdn. From 6*gns*. No children. Box 3158.

PERSONAL—continued

GYPSY Caravan, freshly painted, fine-lined & varnished tradtl. Romany style. Fully eqppd., sound, ready for road. £190. Harvey, Shippen, West Humble, Dorking 2763.

YOUNG bachelor invites another such to join him in summer holiday, perhaps Breton coast. Expenses shared. Box 2958.

STUDENT Art, ex-R.A.F., reqs. situation June 18-Aug. 11 approx. Head, hands, legs and driving licence. Anything legal. Box 3006.

FURN. flat to let, Bayswater, 3 months from 1st June, 3 rooms, kitchen/bath. £4 p.w. Box 3009.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2832.

PRIVATE treatment in illness. Members (including dependents) of the R.U.P.A. can make private arrangements for Specialist treatment, Nursing Home, etc., and the Association refunds all or part of cost. Write for descriptive brochure to Ref. 37/14, The British United Provident Association, 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

TO let August, Constable country, easily run 5-bedroomed house. Every amenity. Beautiful situation. Write Hill Farm House, Bures, Suffolk.

ROBUTTI Clinic, Alassio, Italian Riviera. Superbly situated Private Clinic for the care and treatment of physical and psychosomatic illness (including asthma and anxiety states); also for convalescence and high protein diet. X-Rays, physical therapy, etc. English and Italian speaking physicians and nurses. Enquires: Secretary, 3 Upper Brook St., W.1.

"HOW I Cured My Duodenal Ulcer," by John Parr. At all booksellers, 8s. 6d. net. Published by Michael Joseph, Ltd., 26 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls, aged 6½-18, July 31 to August 30, 1951. Staff experienced in camping and trekking. A holiday and an experience. Apply: A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6*s*. 6*d*., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

AMERICA. Transportation only from £79 return. Sailings T.S.S. Charlton Star chartered by The Open Road, Inc., Rotterdam, Southampton, Montreal, from May to October. Write International Travel and Study Commission, 25 Pembroke St., Oxford, for details.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Gt. Titchfield St., W.1.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

CANAL Cruising Co., Stone, Staffs., have 2-6-berth cruisers vacant June, July, Sept. Wide choice of lovely routes.

CORSICA. The best value that you can have this summer: return air fare, London-Calvi (direct) and fortnight at delightful Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on the magnificent bay of Calvi for £35 10*s*. Continuous sunshine, good food, perfect freedom. Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of nerve manipulation A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. Mr. Stephens, 11 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley, 1-4 wk. Pottery, Alabaster & Wood Sculpting and Weaving Courses up to July 21.

SWISS mountain holiday at Chesières-Villars: small party leaving Aug. 31, only 27*gns*. for 16 days fully incl. tour; also a few vacs. in June for independ. booking at Courlay-s.-M. (S.W. France) for an enjoyable seaside stay. Excellent cuisine, friendly hosts. Details: John Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kellerstein, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d*. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

OFFICERS and Executives Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

WE specialise in seaside hols. (not camps) for boys & girls: brochure: Junior Holidays, 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

PERSONAL—continued

JOHN Vickers, A.I.B.P., specialises in Portraits of Men and Women who require photographs for professional use, as well as the private sitter who does not usually face the camera with equanimity. An appointment is essential. 29B Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

CHILD Psychologist. Hons. Graduate. Experienced Clinical and County Psychologist. Advice on all educational problems. Remedial teaching for backward children. FREmantle 0639 or write Box 3398.

THE Three Best Coach Tours! All Spain, 21 days, 75*gns*. A conducted tour by luxury motor coach, first-class hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, shows, bull fights, etc., included. Or—Spain and Portugal 20-day tour 75*gns*., or Italy 18 days 75*gns*. Vacancies May to September. Also many inexpensive rail tours in Europe. Write for free brochures: Bridge Tours (N.S.N.), 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. Tel.: AMBassador 4434 (Nr. Edgware Road and Baker St.).

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £39. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 110 York Gate, N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

TRAINED Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2782.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Aldwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 556.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

A CONTINENTAL holiday, not organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16*s*.; Italy—£23 10*s*.; Spain—£21 10*s*. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

CAPRI holiday. Join my small party visiting also Paris, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii. 17 days incl. 49*gns*. Full details: Mr. John Lamming, Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Chs 6436/7.

CONNEMARA Boys' Holiday Camp. One month, first-class food, sea bathing, fishing, £20 incl. of fare from London. Boat met at Dublin. Also fishing by Camb. Univ. grad. if reqd. Lee, Ungwee, Letterfrack, Eire.

ITALIAN Art Tour: Florence, Ravenna, Venice, ideal for all interested in beautiful things and in photography. Excellent accommodation. Sept. 1 to 15, £35 inclusive. London to Florence. Write: Educational Travel, 85 Quebec Rd., Ilford, Essex.

TO Switzerland in a day. £14 7*s*. 6*d*. return. Details from Continental Transport Co., 352 Strand, London, W.C.2. TEM. 9176.

INEXPENSIVE Holidays in France. 16 days all inclusive London to London from £12 19*s*. Write for brochure to "Jeunes de France," 7a Addison Ave., London, W.11. Tel: PARk 7265.

AUSTRIAN Spring holiday: come and join a party young professional people going to very attractive hotel nr. Igls June 15. Mountain walks, bathing, tennis, musical evenings, trips to Italy; also other Austrian holidays, July to Sept. Full details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

P.S. Yes, I know I've said so before, but it's worth repeating—Harold Ingham's Summer Schools in Italy, France and Austria are the best value in holidays abroad.

P.P.S. There's also his special student parties in Switzerland, 17 days—23*gns*. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow—ring HARrow 1040.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity School, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A. Ed. B.

PUPILS boarded and coached for examinations; delicate children; short seaside visits; holiday boarders. Mrs. R. Kindock, Westholm, Cedric Rd., Westgate-on-Sea.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38, 40, Elton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s*. 6*d*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d., London Agents or Theatre.

"EVERYMAN," the great medieval play. At the Festival Church, St. John's, Waterloo Rd. (Opp. Waterloo Stn.). May 17-June 9 (ex. Suns.), 9.30 p.m. lasting an hr. Tkts., Festival Ch. Box Office, WAT. 4723.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0, St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 2. Mems. 5s.' yearly.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "The Word of the King." Wed. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d.

"MANALIVE!" Intimate Review, 10.30 p.m. Whitehall 3678. Mon.-Fri.; Sun. 4.30 p.m. Arens (Club Th.), 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Festival members 5s.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until May 20: Louis Jouvet in "Quai des Orfèvres" (A). From May 21: Pierre Brasseur, Serge Reggiani in Carné's "Les Portes de la Nuit" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 20, 7.30, "Jamaica Inn" (A).

NEW Era Film Club. Special Attraction, "The Proud Valley," featuring Paul Robeson. "Warsaw: East-West Highway" (Polish) Engl. commentary, Chaplin, "Charlie Shanghai." At the Central Hall, Westminster, Sat., May 26, 7.30 p.m. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets and membership: A. Miller, 40a Hernon Hill, E.11.

HAMPSTEAD Film Soc., Inaugural Meeting. Thurs., May 24, 8 p.m., Broadhurst Hall. Chair.: Arthur Elton.—Festival Programmes. Adm. free. Enqs. PRI. 1598.

"DAUGHTERS of China." Prize-winning film from New China. Third screening, Tuesday, May 22, 7.30 p.m., Battersea Town Hall, S.W.11. Tickets 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., obtainable at Hall. Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

RECITALS of English Song (presented by the B.B.C.). Wigmore Hall, Mon. next, at 8. Elisabethan & Jacobean Airs arr. Peter Warlock; Songs by Arne, Blow, Boyce, Hook, Hatton, Bishop, Vaughan Williams, Peter Warlock. Soloists: Margaret Ritchie, Rene Soames, Bruce Boyce, Frederick Stone. Tickets: 9s. and 6s. from Hall (Wel. 2141), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd.

THE Bach Choir. Royal Albert Hall, Tues., May 22, at 7.30. Programme includes Benedicite (Vaughan Williams), Requiem (Brahms). Soloists: Ena Mitchell, Gordon Clinton. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tkts.: 10s. 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d. from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LOUIS Kentner (presented by The Liszt Society). Recital of Pianoforte works by Liszt. Wigmore Hall, Sun., May 27, at 3. Tickets: 9s., 6s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

JOYCE & Helen Gow. Song & Pianoforte Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 26, at 8. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues., May 22, at 7.30 Elizabeth Maconchy: Sinfonia for String Quartet (1st London perf.); Igor Stravinsky: Pieces Faciles, for Piano Duet: Benjamin Britten: First String Quartet. Michael Tippett: Boyhood's End; Bela Bartok: Sonata for Two Pianos & Percussion. Soloists: Max Worthley, Ilona Kabos, Mewton-Wood, James Blades, William Bradshaw, Martin String Quartet. Tkts: 5s. R.B.A. Galleries & Chappell's (May. 7600).

LONDON Choral Society. Conductor: John Tobin. Friday, June 1 at 7.30. First Performance of "Twelfth Night" by Geoffrey Bush (For Tenor Solo, Chorus and Orchestra), and works by Handel, Bliss, Vaughan Williams, Isobel Baillie, Alicia Carr, Stephen Manton. The Tobin Chamber Orchestra. Central Hall, Westminster. Tickets: Res'd. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.; unres'd. 2s. 6d. Box Office: Central Hall (WHI. 4259), Chappells, 50 New Bond St. (MAY. 7600), and Alfred Hays, 26 Old Bond St. (REG. 4040), 74 Cornhill (AVE. 3060).

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Wed. at 8: Henriette Canter, violin, Frank Laffitte, piano. Sonatas by de la Presle (1st Eng. perf.), d'Indy, Beethoven ("Kreutzer"). Thurs. at 8: London International Trio, Eileen Thomas, contralto, John Wills, piano. Trios by Parrott (1st perf.) and Dvorak ("Dumky"), Brahms 4 Serious Songs. Tickets for Wed. 10s. 6d., 3s., for Thurs. 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agts. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

THREE new works by Phillip Cannon. The Merritt Orchestra. Chorus of women's voices. Conductor: Kathleen Merritt. Pianist: Odile Crussard. Institut Français, S. Kensington, May 30, 5.30-6.30 p.m. Some complimentary tickets available from Chappell's 50x Off., MAY. 7600, & from Novello & Co.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group presents a Recital by Igor Ozin (violin) and Aryon Davies (piano). Tues., May 22, 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

EVENING in the Caribbees. Dance at Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. West African Rhythm Band. Saturday, 19th, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 3s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

WELCOME Home Dance—greet return British Workers' May Day Delegation to U.S.S.R. Saturday, May 26, 7.30-11 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Miles Mitchell Music. Refreshments, etc. Tickets 3s. (3s. 6d. on day) from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Saturday, May 26, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chris Stone's Orchestra. Licence applied for. Spot prizes. Dress optional. Non-members welcome. Tickets 4s. 6d. each at door.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.I.B. Dance, Sat., May 19, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. KNgham 6593). Dancing to a First-Class Band on Saturday, May 19, from 7.30-11 p.m. at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Spot-prizes, etc. Entrance: 2s. members, guests 3s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints. Full range on view 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields).

BRITISH Painting, 1925-1950 (First Anthology), New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens May 23: Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

EUGENE Boudin (1824-1898). Oils & Water Colours. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. May 1-June 2.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children under 5 not admitted.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SOUTH Bank Past and Present. 2,000 years on Thames-side. County Hall adj. Festival. 10-9 ex. Sun. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

SPLENDID Occasions: an exhibition of old prints and panoramas. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed. Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Landscapes and Ceramics by C. Kar; collection of English Paintings. Until 25th.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Henry Moore. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Paintin; 1869: the American Impressionist Thomas Buckel Meteyard; Roy Hobdell; Jane Vestey; handwoven tapestries by Gordon Crook. Exhib. closes May 26.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6.30. Admission 2s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., 26 Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene": Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

PAINTINGS & Drawings by Anthony Underhill at Park Studio, Pelham St., S. Kensington, S.W.7 (50 yds. S. Ken. Stn.). Sat., May 26, to Sun., June 10. Sat. & Sun. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Other days 2 p.m.-9 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir: 45 Paintings—extended to May 30. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-12. 2s. 6d.

GORDON Webster. Stained Glass at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St.

APOLLINAIRE, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Suspended sculpture by Jackson. Painting by Scanavino.

SHERLOCK Holmes Exhibition, Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1. May 22-Sept. 22, 10.30 to 7.30 (except Sundays). 1s. adults, 6d. children.

HENRY Moore—New works at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30; Sats., 10-1. Until 26th.

LEICESTER Galleries. Edward Bawden—"The Canadian Rockies" and drawings by Six Young Artists. Until 26th.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Festival Exhib. of Members' Work. 10-5, May 19-June 14. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

20TH-Century Poetry. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Books, Manuscripts, Portraits, Lectures, Readings. 10-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON County Council. International Sculpture Exhibition, Battersea Park. A lecture entitled "Modern Sculpture in Britain" by Sir Eric Maclagan, K.C.V.O., Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee of the British Council, will be given at the Henry Jarvis Hall, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1, on Thursday, May 24, at 6.30 p.m. The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides. Admission is free. Graham Savage, Education Officer, The County Hall, S.E.1. (596).

SOUTH Herts Further Education Committee, Barnet. Foremost Art Critics Michael Ayrton and Eric Newton debate "Decline of Humanism in Modern Art." Thursday, May 24 at 8 p.m., in Queen Elizabeth's Girls' Grammar School (near Barnet Tube Station and Trolley Bus Terminus). Tickets 2s. at door or in advance from 121 Longmore Avenue, New Barnet.

BRITISH Association of Chemists. Lecture by Mr. H. T. F. Rhodes, "Revolution in Professional Chemistry." Wed., May 23, at 7 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors welcome. Refreshments.

D. N. PRITT, K.C. & E. V. Tempest, D.S.O., M.C. (Bradford). Important meeting on "Peace or War" and "Conditions in Rumania." Mr. Tempest just back from a visit. Tues., May 22, Conway Hall, W.C.1. 7.30. British Rumanian F'ship. Assn.

MR. Roy Campbell will read from his own work, Sat., May 19, at 3. Mr. J. I. M. Stewart on "The Novels of Thomas Hardy", Thurs., May 24, at 6.15. Lecture Theatre, Victoria & Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. May 23. Discussion "The Artist's Responsibility", 24, "The Imagist Movement", talk by F. S. Flint. 25. "Young Composers V", Arnold Cooke.

A.Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall, May 18, Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., on "Science and the Underveloped Regions"—Chairman, Ritchie Calder. May 25, Sir James Scott Watson on "Science and Food"—Chairman, Dr. John Hammond, F.R.S. June 5, Lord Halsbury on "Science and Industry". Chairman, Professor P. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S. June 15, Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power"—Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Tickets for the series 5s., for individual lectures 2s. Each lecture commences at 7.30 p.m.

"CONTEMPORARY Polish Writers and Their Common Problems." Chairman: A. Slonimski. Speaker: R. Ainsztein. Short story readings by Alec McCrindle and Joan Rodker. Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1, May 18, at 7.45 p.m.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. May 20: Rebirth and the Soul.

LONDON Labour Party invites members to hear Haakon Lie (Secretary, Norwegian Labour Party) and Alice Bacon, M.P. (Chairman, Labour Party), at Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster, S.W.1 (entrance, Great Smith St.), Friday, June 1, at 7.30 p.m. Show Member's card at door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Monday, May 21, 7.30 p.m., at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "A Socialist Looks at the British Labour Movement." Francis Ridley. Admission 1s. 6d.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 22, at 7.45 p.m. "Czechoslovak Theatre," speaker Mrs. Norma Polonsky. Chairman: Mr. Martin Lawrence. All welcome.

D. L. MURRAY will speak on "Greek Religion and Its Meaning for our Day," May 25, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

GERMAN Rearmament & You. F. Elwyn Jones, M.P.; Sybil Morrison, Heinrich Fraenkel, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Tuesday, May 22, 1951, 8 p.m. Admission free. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. (ABBey 3770.)

SIR John Pratt, S. S. Silverman, M.P., L. C. White and Joseph Needham. "Stop the drift to war with China." Tues., May 29, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. May 20: Professor Barbara Wootton, M.A., "Constructive Unbelief." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 26, at 6 p.m. Mr. A. G. Ellis: "The Spirit of Modern Greece."

U.N.A. Conference on "Yugo-Slavia". Speakers: H. N. Brailsford, M. J. Sudjic, A. V. Sherman. Ethical Church Hall, Inverness Place, W.2. May 26, 2.30-7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Meetings Secretary, U.N.A., 25 Charles St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RITCHIE Calder on "Reclaiming the Desert", Thursday, May 24 at 6.30 p.m., Town & Country Planning Association, 28 King St., W.C.2. Adm. 1s.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Mon., May 21, 7.30. Wesak Festival. Speakers incl. The Ven. Bhikkhu U Thittila, H.E. The High Commissioner for Ceylon, Mr. W. A. Purfurst. Chair: Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

SHAW Society. May 25: Readings by "Sagittarius." Ellen Pollock, etc., 57 Dean St., W.1, 7 p.m. (Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door or 1s. in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18). June 2: Theatre visit. June 3: Ramble & reading, Epping Forest (leave Loughton Sta. 11.30). Future spkrs.: Jill Balcon, Compton Mackenzie, etc. Full mem. 10s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Harry Walston: "Socialist Agricultural Society" and D. R. Stuckey of Rural Reconstruction Assoc.: "The Future of Agriculture," 7.30, Wed., May 23. 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensway, Bayswater (entrance 4a Inverness Place). Sunday, May 20, 3.30 p.m. Vesak celebration. Speaker: the Venerable U Thittila. H.E. the High Commissioner for Ceylon in the U.K. will preside.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Arts and Crafts of Israel," talk by Mrs. Marta Bamberger. Wednesday, May 23 at 8 p.m. Non-mems. 1s.

M. L. Burnet: "The Multilateral School." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 20, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. May 24: "Realization of the Self." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be delivered by Professor H. Hotelling (North Carolina) at 5.30 p.m., on May 30, & June 1 and 4 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. May 30 and June 1: "The Behaviour of Standard Statistical Procedures under Non-Standard Conditions"; June 4: "Multivariate Analysis of Variance." Admission free, without ticket.

ASHRIDGE. Course 30a: May 25-31, Modern Britain. The Parliament of the United Kingdom, Wilfrid Harrison, Esq., M.A.: The Rule of Law and the Judicial System, Richard Elwes, Esq., K.C., O.B.E., T.D.; The Cabinet, J. P. L. Thomas, Esq., M.P.; Local Government, D. J. Osborne, Esq.; Education, Miss D. Neville-Rolfe, M.A.; Housing, Miss M. R. Schofield; Anglo-American Relations, Professor A. F. Pollard, M.A.; The English through Continental Eyes, Dr. Franz Burger; Marxism and the Kremlin, Leslie Paul, Esq.; Modern British Music, Lady Pratt. Course 30b: June 1-7 Modern Britain. Europe since 1945, Sir Charles Petrie, Bt., M.A.; The Mediterrean, Sir Charles Petrie, Bt., M.A.; Sea Power and Air Power, Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C.; The British Commonwealth, A. F. Madden, Esq., M.A., B. Litt.; British Problems in Africa, Brian Darling, Esq., C.M.G.; The Civil Service, Dame Evelyn Sharp, D.B.E.; The British Police System, Colonel A. E. Young; Juvenile Delinquency, Miss D. Neville-Rolfe, M.A.; Industry: Trade and Finance, L. H. Sutton, Esq., B.Sc.; Agriculture, J. F. Phillips, Esq.; Literature and Drama, Lady Margaret D'Arcy. Inclusive Fee: £13. For Course 30a or 30b, £6. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon, has been studying the conception of romantic love in literature and its influence on ideas today. Join us June 1-3, June 29-July 1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Social Studies. Applications may still be received for courses in Social Studies. Prelim. requirements for entrance to (1) B.Com. Social Studies: The General Certificate of Education satisfying the requirements for University entrance of the Northern Board together with a credit in Mathematics. Minimum age of entry 18 years but pref. will be given to older candidates. (2) Two-year Social Study Certificate: The General Certificate of Education as above (but credit in Mathematics not necessary). Min. age of entry 23 years. (3) Postgraduate Diploma in Social Studies: This may be taken in one year by candidates with a degree in Social Science or relevant subject. Other graduates may be expected to take two years to complete this diploma. Applications for admission should be made to the Admissions Tutor, Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, The University, Birmingham, 15.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 578)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 576, 578, 579

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.